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The Kidnaping of Rockervelt

By Robert Barr

The President

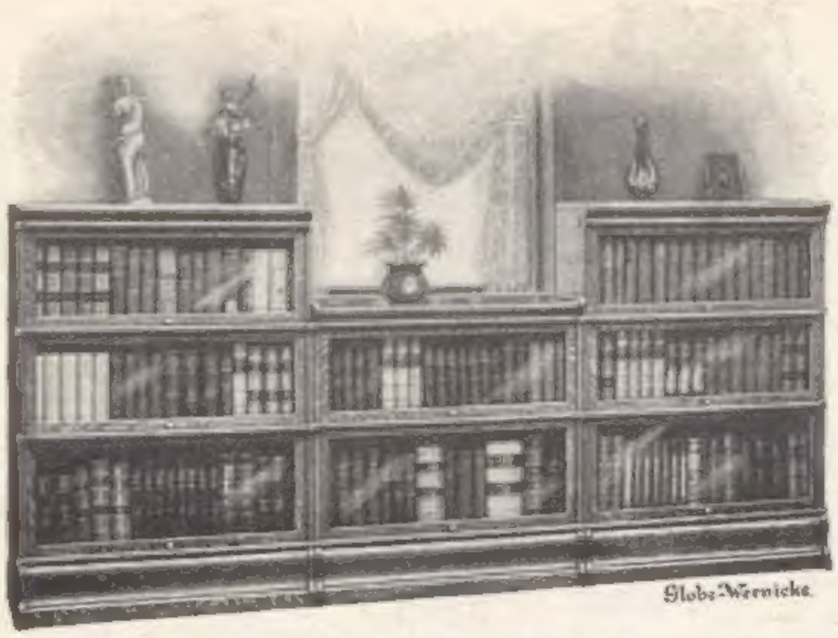
By William Allen White

The Chronicles of Rem

By H. S. Canfield

J.J.Gould

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia



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The Kidnaping of Rockervelt

BY ROBERT BARR

The Passage of a New Comet Across the Railroad Firmament

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IT WAS a nasty night with a drizzling rain that was nearly as thick as a fog—a rain that obscured the signals and left the rails so slippery that a quick stop was almost impossible, yet just the sort of night that might make a quick stop imperative if disaster were to be averted.

Red-headed Jimmy Callahan, stationmaster, telegrapher, ticket agent, and man of all work in the lone shanty known on the railway map as Hitchen's Siding, ignored by all other maps, stood beside the telegraph instrument wondering whether the rain had affected the efficiency of the wires or whether the train dispatcher had gone crazy. Here was Number Sixteen, the freight from the West, coming in, and there were no orders for her. Number Three, known to the outside world as the "Pacific Express," the fastest train on the road, was already forty minutes overdue, tearing westward through the night—somewhere, and Jimmy did not know where. All he knew was that she was trying to make up lost time as well as the greasy metals would allow, and here he stood without orders!

Once more he seized the key and calling the dispatcher's office in Warmington once more demanded "What orders for Sixteen?" Then he went outside and on his own initiative kicked away the iron clutch that released the distant semaphore. The red star of danger glimmered through the drizzle to the east, which might hold the Express if she saw it in time.

THE ENGINEER APPEARED AT THE DOOR, HIS FACE GHASTLY IN ITS PALLOR

Number Sixteen had drawn up to the platform and her conductor came forward, Jimmy running to meet him, shouting:

"Sidetrack your train, Flynn. Sidetrack her on the jump."

"Where's my orders?" demanded the conductor.

"*I* order you. Get her off the main line at once."

"*Your* orders! Well, for cold cheek——"

Jimmy lost none of the precious moments in argument, but, turning from the angry conductor, yelled to the engineer:

"Whistle for the switch and kick her back on to the siding. Number Three may be into you any moment."

No youth in Jimmy's position has a right to give a command to an engineer over the head of a conductor; neither should his orders to the conductor be verbal; they must be documentary. Jimmy was shattering fixed rules of the road and he knew it.

The conductor of a perishable goods train thinks himself nearly as important as if he ran an express, so Flynn was rightly indignant at this sudden assumption of unauthorized command by a no-account youth at a no-account station. But a conductor is usually in a comparatively safe place, while the driver of an engine has to take the brunt of a head-on collision, so the grimy Morton at the throttle did not stand on etiquette, but blew the whistle for an open switch and backed his train into the siding. Callahan watched the switchlight turn to safety again, heaved a sigh of relief, then put his stalwart arms to the lever and slowly pulled off the red light to the east and left the main line clear for the through express.

"What's all this sweat about?" cried Flynn. "Where's Number Three?"

"I don't know," replied Callahan quietly.

"You don't know? I'll tell you one thing, my red-headed youngster, if Number Three has lost more time and I'm ordered on to the next siding, you'll lose your job."

"I know it," replied Callahan quietly. Jimmy turned in from the platform to the telegraph room and Flynn followed him. As they advanced the instrument began a wild rataplan, and Callahan paused, raising his hand for silence. Even one like Flynn, who did not understand its language, felt that the machine was making a frantic, agonized appeal.

"Listen to that!" cried Callahan, a note of triumph in his voice.

"What's it saying?" whispered the conductor, awed in spite of himself.

"'*Sidetrack Sixteen! Sidetrack Sixteen!! In God's name, sidetrack Sixteen!!!*' There's your orders at last, Flynn. It's lucky you didn't wait for them."

The final words were obliterated by a roar as of a descending avalanche and the Express tore past, ripping the night and the silence; fifty miles an hour at the least; the long line of curtained windows in the sleeping-cars shimmering in the station lights like a dimly seen, wavering biograph picture; there and away while you drew your breath. In the stillness that followed the brass instrument kept up its useless, idiotic chatter. A heavy step sounded on the platform and the engineer appeared at the door, his face ghastly in its pallor, the smudges in it giving a heightening effect of contrast.

"Flynn," he gasped, "that was a close call."

The conductor nodded and each man strode forward as if impelled by a single impulse and grasped a hand of the youngster. Callahan laughed nervously, saying:

"They're pretty anxious in the city. I must answer."

Then he went to the instrument and sent the cheekiest message that had ever gone over the wires from a subordinate to a superior.

In the train dispatcher's office at Warmington, one hundred and twenty miles to the east of Hitchen's Siding, the force was hard at work under the electric light. John Manson, Division Superintendent, strolled in, although it was long past his office hours, but he was one of those indefatigable railroad men loath to take his fingers off the pulse of the great organization he controlled, and no employee of the road could be certain of any hour of the night or day when Manson might not be standing unexpectedly beside him. As this silent man surveyed the busy room, listening to the click of the telegraphic sounders which spoke to him as plainly as if human lips were uttering the language of the land, he was startled by a cry from Hammond, the train dispatcher. Hammond sprang like a madman to the sender, and the key, at lightning speed, rattled forth "*Sidetrack Sixteen! Sidetrack Sixteen!!*"

Instinctively the Division Superintendent knew what had happened. To the most accurate of men, faithful and exact through years of service, may come an unaccountable momentary lapse of vigilance. The train dispatcher had forgotten Number Sixteen! Instantly the road spread itself out before the mind's eye of the Superintendent. He knew every inch of it. The situation revealed itself to his mathematical brain as a well-known arrangement of men and pawns would display to an expert what could or could not be done on the chessboard. He knew where Number Three would lose further time on the up grades, but now, alas, it was on the level in the flat country where every minute meant a mile. Nevertheless, there was one chance in a thousand that the Express had not yet reached Hitchen's, and his quick mind showed him the right thing to be done.

"Tell him to stop Number Three," he snapped forth.

The dispatcher obeyed. Where disaster is a matter of moments there was little use in awaiting the slow movements of a heavy freight train, when the Express, a demon of destruction, was swooping down on the scene. There was no answer to the frenzied appeal. Every man in the room was on his feet, and each held his breath as if the crash and the shrieks could penetrate across one hundred and twenty miles into that appalled office. Then the sounder began, leisurely and insolent:

"*Keep on your shirt. I sidetracked Sixteen on my own hook and set the signal against Three until Sixteen was in. Are you people crazy or merely plain drunk?*"

The tension snapped like an overstrained wire. One man went into shriek after shriek of laughter; another laid his head on his desk and sobbed. Hammond staggered into a chair and an assistant held a glass of water to his ashen lips. The Division Superintendent stood like a statue, a deep frown marking his displeasure at the flippant message that had come in upon such a tragic crisis. But a thought of the safety of the trains cleared his brow.

"The man at the siding is that red-headed Callahan, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir."

"Send down a substitute to-morrow and tell Callahan to report to me."

"Yes, sir."

And this is how Jimmy Callahan came to be John Manson's right-hand helper in the Division Superintendent's office in the Grand Union Station of Warmington City.

The Grand Union Station is a noble pile in red brick, rough and cut stone, and terra-cotta, with a massive corner tower that holds aloft a great clock which gives the city Standard

time. The tower is the pride of Warmington; a pillar of red cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, with the hours distinct a mile away. The tower may be taken as a monument to the power and wealth of the Rockervelts, although in larger cities they have still more imposing architecture to uphold their fame.

The Manateau Midland which had its eastern terminus in this immense structure was merely a link in the Rockervelt chain of admirably equipped railways, but as the title, Union, implied, other roads, mostly bankrupt or branch lines of the Midland, had running rights into the Grand Union Station.

T. ACTON BLAIR

For a country youth like Callahan to be transferred at an enhanced salary from a lone pine shanty on the prairie to this palatial edifice in the city was like being translated bodily to Heaven. Now he had his chance, and that was all he asked of Fate. He delighted in railway work. The strident screech of the whistles, the harsh clanking of cars coming together, all the discordant sounds of the station yard, were as orchestral music to him, and he never tired of the symphony. He speedily became the most useful man about the place and was from the first the most popular. He had a habit of dashing here and there bareheaded and to heat or cold was equally indifferent. The clerks called him "The Brand," possibly from the phrase about the brand snatched from the burning, and the yard men called him "The Torch." They said his red head stopped the Pacific Express, and had no idea how closely they were treading on the heels of truth. Jimmy took everything in good part and always laughed loudest at the jokes on himself. There was not a trace of malice in the lad, and he was always ready with a cheery word or a helping hand. He seemed able to do anything, from running an engine to tapping a wire, and was willing in every emergency to work night and day without a grumble till he dropped from fatigue. Silent John Manson watched Jimmy's progress with unspoken approval, and loved him not the less that for all the lad's witty exuberance not a word had ever passed his lips about that sinister mix-up at Hitchen's Siding. Those things are not to be spoken of, and even the General Manager knew nothing of the crisis. The train dispatcher had retired, nerve-broken, and the newspapers never guessed why.

But there was one man who did not like Jimmy, and that was no less important a personage than the General Manager himself. His huge room in the lower part of the tower was as sumptuously furnished as an Eastern palace. T. Acton Blair, General Manager of the Manateau Midland, was supposed to be related to the Rockervelt family, but this was perhaps a fallacy put forth to account for such a palpably incompetent man being placed in so responsible a position. He was a bald-headed, corpulent personage, pompous and ponderous, slow moving and slow speaking, saying perfectly obvious things in a deep, impressive voice as if he were uttering the wisdom of the ages. His subordinate, John Manson, as everybody knew, was responsible for the efficiency of the road, and when he wanted a project carried out he always pretended it was Blair's original idea, so the General Manager got the credit if it was a success, and Manson shouldered the blame if it was not.

One morning as John Manson was about to leave the General Manager's room after the customary daily interview with his chief, the latter said:

"By the way, Manson, who is that florid individual that rushes about these offices at all hours, as if he thought he was running the whole Rockervelt system?"

"I suspect that is James Callahan, one of my assistants, sir."

"I don't like him, Manson. He seems obtrusive."

"I assure you, sir, he is a most capable man."

"Yes, yes, I dare say, but, as I have often told you, the success of our organization is in method, not in haste."

"Quite so, sir."

"That person always gives me the idea that something is wrong; that a fire has broken out, or a man has been run over. I don't like it. His clothes are untidy and seem to have been made for some one else. His hair in disarray gets on one's nerves. He is uncouth, Manson, uncouth. I shouldn't like Mr. Rockervelt to see that we have such an unkempt person on our clerical staff."

"I'll speak to him, sir. I admit his manner does not do him justice."

When Manson next encountered Jimmy alone he spoke with more than his usual severity.

"Callahan, I wish you would pay some attention to your clothes. Get a new business suit and take care of it. Remember you are in the City of Warmington and not at Hitchen's Siding."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy contritely, looking down with a new dismay at his grease-stained trousers.

"And get your hair cut—short. I wish also you would abandon your habit of running all over the place without a hat."

"I'll do it, sir."

The hair-cut was not such an improvement as might have been expected, and even Manson's stern face almost relaxed into a smile as he saw the result of the barber's shears. Hitherto Jimmy's head had been a flame; now it resembled an explosion. The shortened red bristles stood straight up like those of a time-worn brush broom. And in spite of all determination on his part, Jimmy *would* forget his hat. The catastrophe came with appalling suddenness. The Pacific Express he had saved, but himself he could not save.

Tearing down the long corridor at breakneck speed Callahan turned a corner and ran bang into the imposing front of the General Manager. That dignified potentate staggered back against the wall gasping, while his glossy silk hat rolled to the floor. Jimmy, brought up as suddenly as if he had collided with a haystack, groaned in terror, snatched the tall hat from the floor, brushed it, and handed it to the speechless magnate.

"I'm very, *very* sorry, sir," he ventured, but Mr. Acton Blair made no reply. Leaving the culprit standing there he put on his hat and strode majestically to the Division Superintendent's room.

"Manson," he panted, dropping into a chair, "discharge that lunatic at once."

Manson was too straightforward a man to pretend ignorance respecting the person alluded to. His face hardened into an expression of obstinacy that amazed his chief.

"The Rockervelt System is deeply indebted to Mr. Callahan; a debt it can never repay. He saved Number Three last November from what would have been the most disastrous accident of the year."

"Why was I never told of this?"

"For three reasons, sir. First, the fewer people that know of such escapes, the better; second, Hammond, who was responsible, voluntarily resigned on plea of ill health; third, Hammond was your nephew."

Mr. T. Acton Blair rose to his feet with that majesty of bulk which pertains to corpulent men. It was an action which usually overawed a subordinate.

"I think you are making a mistake, sir, regarding our relative positions. I am General Manager of the Manateau Midland, and, as such, have a right to be informed of every important event pertaining to the road."

"Your definition of the situation is correct. Both you and Mr. Rockervelt should have been told of the narrow escape of the Express."

There was a glitter as of steel in the keen eyes of the Superintendent, while the inflated manner of the Manager underwent a visible change like a distended bladder pricked by a pin. Mr. Blair knew well the danger to himself and his vaunted position if the event under discussion came to the knowledge of the great autocrat in New York, so he tried to give his backdown the air of a masterly retreat.

"Well, well, Mr. Manson, I don't know but you were right. The less such things are talked of the better. They have a habit of getting into the papers and undermining public confidence, which should be the endeavor of all of us to avoid. Yes, you did quite right, so we will let it go at that."

"And how about Mr. Callahan?"

"After all, Manson, he is in your department, and you may do as you please. I should rather see him go, but I don't insist upon it. Good-afternoon, Mr. Manson."

The great man took his departure ponderously, leaving Manson somewhat nonplused. As soon as the door to the corridor closed behind Blair the door to Manson's secretary's room, which had been ajar during this conversation, flew open and the impetuous Callahan came rushing in.

"Excuse me, Mr. Manson," he cried, "but I was waiting to see you and I could not help hearing part of what you and Mr. Blair said. I did not intend to listen, but if I had shut the door it would have attracted attention, so I didn't know what to do. I suppose he told you we had a head-on collision round a curve with no signals out except my hair."

The young man tried to carry it off jauntily with a half-nervous laugh, but Manson's face was sober and unresponsive. "It was all my fault and you had warned me before," continued Callahan breathlessly; "now you stood up to the Old Man for me, and made him back water. But I'm not going to have you get into trouble because of a yahoo like me. I've discharged Jimmy Callahan. I'm going in now to Mr. Blair and I'll apologize and resign. I'll tell him you warned me to quit rushing round and I didn't do it. I'm sorry I telescoped him, but not half so sorry as that I disappointed you."

"Nonsense," said Manson severely, "go back to your desk and let this rest for a day or two. I'll see the Manager about it later." He noticed the moisture in the younger man's eyes and the quiver of his nether lip, so he spoke coldly. Emotion has no place in the railway business.

"No, sir; I'd never feel comfortable again. There's lots of work waiting for me and it won't have to wait long. I'm going for it as I went for Mr. Blair's waistcoat. But I want to tell you that—that all the boys know you're a brick who'll stand by them—if they—if they do the square thing."

And as if his disaster had not been caused by his precipitance, Jimmy bolted headlong from the room before Manson could frame a reply.

The Division Superintendent put on his hat and left the room less hurriedly than Jimmy had done. He made his way to that sumptuous edifice known as the University Club. The social organization which it housed had long numbered Manson as a member, but he was a most infrequent visitor. He walked direct to the coziest corner of the large reading-room and there in a luxurious armchair found, as he had expected, the Honorable Duffield Rogers, an aged gentleman with a gray beard on his chin and a humorous twinkle in his eye. Mr. Rogers was a millionaire over and over again, yet he was president of the poorest railway in the State, known as the Burdock Route, whose eastern terminus was in the Grand Union, which Manson had just left. He occupied a largely ornamental position on the Burdock, as he did in the armchair of the club. He was surrounded by a disarray of newspapers, and allowed the one he was holding to fall as he looked up with a smile on seeing Manson approach.

"Hello, Manson. Is the Midland going to pay a dividend that you've got an afternoon off?"

"What do *you* know about dividends?" asked Manson with a laugh. He seemed a much more jocular person in the club than in the railway office and he was not above giving a sly dig at the Burdock Route, which had never paid a dividend since it was opened.

"Oh, I read about 'em in the papers," replied the Honorable Duffield serenely. "How's that old stick-in-the-mud Blair? I'm going to ask the committee to expel him. He has the cheek to swell around here, in *my* presence, and pretend he knows something about railroading. I'd stand that from you, but not from T. Acton Blair. He forgets I'm President of a road while he's only a General Manager. I tell him I rank with Rockervelt and not with mere G. M's."

The old millionaire laughed so heartily at his own remarks that some of the habitués of the reading-room looked up sternly at the framed placard above the mantel-shelf which displayed in large black letters the word "Silence." Manson drew up a chair beside the old man and said earnestly:

"I came in to see you on business, Mr. Rogers. There is a young fellow in my office who will develop into one of the best railroad men of his time. I want you to find a place for him on your line."

"Oh, we're not taking on any new men. Just the reverse. We laid off the General Manager and about fifteen lesser officials a month ago and we don't miss 'em in the least. I've been trying to resign for the past year, but they won't let me, because I don't ask any salary."

"This man will be worth double his money, anywhere."

"I am not saying anything against your man except that we don't want him. The Burdock's practically bankrupt; *you* know that."

JOHN MANSON

"Still, Callahan, the young fellow I'm speaking of, won't want much money and he understands railroading down to the ground."

"If he is so valuable why are you so anxious to get rid of him?" asked the wily President with a smile.

"I'm not. I'd rather part with all the rest of my staff than with Callahan, but Mr. Blair has taken a dislike to him, and ——"

"Enough said," broke in the President of the Burdock. "That dislike coupled with your own preference makes the best recommendation any man could ask. How much are you paying Callahan?"

"Ten dollars a week."

The old man mused for a few moments, then chuckled aloud in great apparent enjoyment.

"I'll give him fifteen," he said. "Will that satisfy him?"

"It will more than satisfy him."

"But I pay the amount on one condition."

"What is that, Mr. Rogers?"

"The condition is that he accepts and fills the position of General Manager of the Burdock Route."

"General Manager!" echoed Manson. "I'm talking seriously, Mr. Rogers."

"So am I, Manson, so am I. And don't you see what a good bargain I'm driving? You say Callahan is first class. All right; I know you wouldn't vouch for him unless this was so. Very well. I get a General Manager for fifteen dollars a week; cheapest in the country and doubtless the best. I confess, however, my chief delight in offering him the position is the hope of seeing old Blair's face when he first meets in conference the youth he has dismissed, his equal in rank if not in salary. It will be a study in physiognomy."

If the said John Manson thought that Callahan's native modesty would prevent his accepting the management of the Burdock Route he was much mistaken. When Manson related quietly the result of his interview with the Honorable Duffield Rogers, the youth amazed him by leaping nearly to the ceiling and giving utterance to a whoop more like the war-cry of a red Indian than the exclamation of a red-headed Irishman. Then he blushed the color of his hair and apologized for his excitement, abashed by Manson's disapproving eyes.

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Manson, I'll make the roadbed of the old Burdock as good as you've got the Midland and I'll ——"

"Tut, tut," said Manson in his most unenthusiastic tone; "you can do nothing without money, and the Burdock's got none. Be thankful if you receive your fifteen a week with reasonable regularity. Now, here is a letter to the Honorable Duffield Rogers. Give it to the hall porter at the club and Mr. Rogers will invite you in. You will find the President a humorous man and you have a touch of the same quality yourself, but repress it and treat him with the greatest respect, for humorists get along better with dull people like myself than with each other. Although you are leaving the jurisdiction of Mr. Blair, do not forget what I told you about paying attention to your clothes. You will be meeting important men whom you may have to persuade, and it is better to face them well groomed; a prepossessing appearance counts in business. Prepossession is nine points in the game. Here is the letter, so be off." The Division Superintendent rose and extended his hand. "And now, my boy, God bless you."

"NOW, YOUNG MAN, DO YOU KNOW THE VALUE OF THESE DOCUMENTS?"

The tone of the benediction sounded almost gruff, but there was a perceptible quaver underneath it, and after one firm clasp of the hand the Division Superintendent sat down at his desk with the resolute air of a man determined to get on with his work. As for Callahan, he could not trust his voice, either for thanks or farewell, so he left the room with impetuous abruptness and would have forgotten his hat if he had not happened to hold it in his hand.

To the ordinary man the Burdock Route was a badly kept streak of defective rails, rough as a corduroy road; to Jimmy it was a glorious pathway to Paradise, an air-line of tremendous possibilities. He went up and down its length, not in a private car, but on ordinary locals and freight trains. He became personally acquainted with every section foreman and with nearly every laborer between Warmington and Portandit, the western terminus. He found them, as a usual thing, sullen and inert; he left them jolly and enthusiastic, almost believing in the future of the road.

He proved an unerring judge of character: the useless man was laid off, while the competent was encouraged and promoted. He could handle a shovel with the best of them, or drive in a spike without missing a blow. In a year he had the Burdock Route as level as a billiard-table, without extra expenditure of money, and travelers were beginning to note the improvement, so that receipts increased. He induced the Pullman Company to put an up-to-date sleeper on each night train and withdrew the antiquated cars hitherto in use.

But there was one thing Callahan was not able to accomplish. He could not persuade the venerable President of the road to regard it as anything but a huge joke. The Honorable Duffield Rogers absolutely refused to leave his comfortable chair in the club and take a trip over the Burdock. The President delighted in Callahan's company and got him made a member of the club, setting him down as a graduate of the Wahoo University, which was supposed to exist somewhere in the remote West. Rogers was a privileged member and a founder of the club, so the committee did not scrutinize his recommendation too closely.

"It's no use, Jimmy," he said. "Life is hard enough at best without my spending any part of it in a beastly place like Portandit. I hear you have done wonders with the road, but you can't do anything really worth while with a route that has no terminus on the Atlantic. As long as you have to hand over your Eastern traffic to the Rockervelts at Warmington and take what Western freight they care to allow you, you are in the clutch of the Rockervelts and they can freeze you out whenever they like.

"You may grade, you may ballast your road if you will,
But the shadow of Rockervelt's over you still."

Thus Callahan always received his discouragement from his own chief, and with most persons this would ultimately have dampened enthusiasm, but Jimmy was ever optimistic and a believer in his work. One day he rushed into the club, his hat on the back of his head, a loose end of his collar sticking over his ear and his eyes ablaze with excitement.

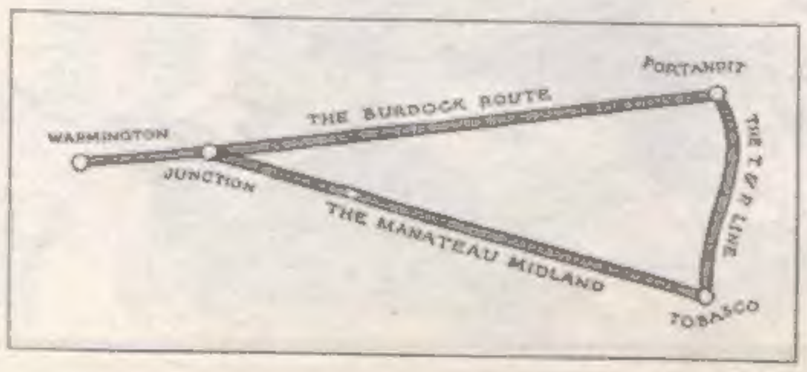
"Mr. Rogers, I've solved the problem at last!" he cried. "We'll make the Burdock the greatest line in this country."

He shoved away the heaps of magazines from the reading-room table and spread out a map on its surface. The Honorable Duffield rose slowly to his feet and stood beside the eager young man. A kindly indulgent smile played about the lips of the aged President.

"Now, see here," shouted Callahan (they were alone together in the room and the "Silence" placard made no protest). "There's Beechville on the Burdock Route and here's Collins' Centre on the C. P. & N. Between these two points is sixty-three miles of prairie country as level as a floor. It will be the cheapest bit of road in America; no embankments, no cuttings, no grade at all. Why, just dump the rails down and they'd form a road of themselves! Once the Burdock taps the C. P. & N., there is our route clear through to tidewater independent of the Rockervelt system."

Callahan, his face aglow, looked up at the veteran, but the indulgent smile had taken on a cynical touch. Mr. Rogers placed his hand on Jimmy's shoulder and said slowly:

"If that could have been done it would have been done long since. You could not get your charter. Rockervelt would buy the legislature and we couldn't outbid him."



Callahan's clenched fist came down on the map with a force that made the stout table quiver.

"But I've *got* the charter," he roared in a voice that made the hall porter outside think there was a row in the reading-room. The Honorable Duffield Rogers sank once more into his armchair and gazed at Jimmy.

"You've got the charter?" he echoed quietly.

"Certainly; and it didn't cost me a cent. The Governor signed it yesterday."

"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings," murmured the old man, who had years of experience behind him in the bribing of lawmakers. "In Heaven's name, how did you manage it?"

"I went to the capital, got acquainted with the legislators —splendid fellows, all of them—personal friends of mine now —I showed them how such a link would benefit the State, and the bill went through like *that!*" Jimmy snapped his fingers.

"Well, I'm blessed!" ejaculated the old-time purchaser of franchises.

"Now, Mr. Rogers, you understand financiering and you know all the capitalists. I understand the railway business. You get up the money, I'll build the road, and we'll be into New York with a whoop."

For one brief instant Callahan thought he had conquered. Like an old war-horse at the sound of the bugle, Rogers stiffened his muscles for the fight. The light of battle flamed in his eye as the memory of the conquest of millions returned to him. But presently he leaned back in his chair with a sigh and the light flickered out.

"Ah, Jimmy," he whispered plaintively, "I wish I had met you thirty years ago, but alas, you weren't born then. What a team we should have made! But I'm too old, and, besides, your scheme wouldn't work. I might get up the money and I might not. The very name of the Burdock is a hoodoo. But, even if the money were subscribed and the link built, we should merely be confronted by a railroad war. The Rockervelts would cut rates and the longest purse would win, which means we should go to the wall."

Callahan sat down with his face in his hands, thoroughly discouraged for the first time in his life. He felt a boyish desire to cry and a mannish desire to curse, but did neither. The old gentleman rambled on amiably:

"You are a ten-thousand-dollar man, Jimmy, but your line of progress is on some road with a future. Follow my advice and take your charter to that old thief, Rockervelt himself. There lies your market."

"How can I do that," growled Jimmy from between his fingers, "when I am an employee of the Burdock?"

"Technically, so am I, therefore as your chief I advise you to see Rockervelt."

"All right," cried Callahan, springing to his feet as if his minute of deep despondency had been time thrown away that could not be spared. He shook hands cordially with the President and returned his genial smile.

On the steps of the club he was surprised to meet John Manson, who, he knew, rarely honored that institution with his presence.

"I was just going up to see you, Mr. Manson. I want you to do me a favor. I'm going to New York, and I'd like a letter of introduction to Mr. Rockervelt."

The brow of the Division Superintendent knitted slightly and he did not answer so readily as the other expected.

"Well, you see, Callahan," he said at last, "I am merely a small official and Mr. Rockervelt is an important man who knows his own importance. Etiquette prescribes that I should give you a letter to the General Manager, and he is the proper person to introduce you to Mr. Rockervelt, so you see——"

"Oh, very well," exclaimed Callahan shortly, sorry he had asked. This rebuff, following so closely on the heels of his disappointment, clouded his usual good nature. He was about to go on when Manson detained him, grasping the lapel of his coat.

"Don't be offended, Jimmy, and I'll tell you something no one else knows. I'm going to quit the railway business."

"What!" shouted Callahan, all his old affection for the man surging up within him as he now noted the trouble in his face. Manson quit the railway business! It was as if he had calmly announced his intention to commit suicide.

"That old fool Blair has been making trouble for you," he cried.

(Continued on Page 21)

THE PRESIDENT

By William Allen White

"IT IS UP TO US TO 'MAKE GOOD'"

THE FRIENDS AND THE ENEMIES HE HAS MADE—THE CURIOUS SPECTACLE OF A SMILING SUPPORT READY WITH THE KNIFE IN THE HAND BEHIND THE BACK

THE core of all wholesome philosophy of this life is found in the doctrine of compensations: things even themselves up. There is no gain without a loss; no loss without a gain. Every one who has studied recent political tendencies at all has seen that the Senate of the United States has been encroaching of late years on the powers of the executive. It may be demonstrated easily that in their several commonwealths United States Senators, through their control of the appointment of local Federal authorities, divide, in a measure, with the President the power of enforcing the Federal statutes in each State. In a crisis, a district attorney or a district marshal might well hesitate between obeying a President and offending the Senator who controls the local patronage. The President might remove the offender; but the Senator also could refuse to appoint the obedient officer, and the President would be practically estopped from rewarding obedience by reappointment. Custom has shattered the constitutional theory that the legislature makes the laws and the executive enforces them. In actual practice the Congress and the President enforce the laws, and in actual practice—and here compensation comes in—the President and Congress make the laws. The Senate in gaining some executive power has given up some legislative power. In taking away the actual appointive power from the President, and leaving him only a veto power over appointments, Congress, and more particularly the Senate, has left a hole in the legislative wall through which the President walks into Congress and takes his place as a lawmaker. If Congress contends for the inalienable right to say exactly what man shall fill any Federal office, the very interest of Congressmen and Senators in executive matters gives the President purchase on the lever which moves them to his ends. If they take high ground and say that they don't care whom the President appoints to any office, the President at once holds the short end of the lever and can move nothing. The partnership in office brokerage compels a partnership in lawmaking. And because the President has several hundred equal legislative partners, and each legislator has but one equal Presidential partner, Congress gets considerably the worst of the bargain. One President can influence more legislation than twenty Congressmen. And the net result of the encroachment of Congress on executive prerogatives has been a strong centralization of power in the executive—with a possibility of weakness in the enforcement of laws, a possibility that has not been of enough importance to be considered even trivial.

This merging of the legislative and executive offices has been going on for over half a century. Indeed it began with the beginning of the nation. But with the growth of the party system of government, during the latter fifty years of the past century, the men who were at the head of a dominant party, in Congress and in the White House and in the Cabinet, have put party interests unconsciously above constitutional restrictions and have worked together so harmoniously that the letter, if not the spirit, of the Constitution has lapsed into desuetude. In these years sometimes Congress has been President, as in the case of Johnson, and sometimes the President has been Congress. At times they have wrangled, and at times they have been frigidly polite and almost constitutionally punctilious, as in Harrison's term. President Roosevelt's relations with Congress are these: for him and his political fortunes the leaders of the Senate and the House have a fathomless indifference. For them the President has an exuberant interest, which enables him to direct many moves on the Congressional checker-board without arousing any enthusiasm for his direction, or organizing serious opposition to it. The real leaders of Congress are the Senate leaders, and many of them are old men, as the world takes men, and there can be little zest in the help that old men give a young stranger to go further up the ladder than they have gone. The President has his good friends in Congress, and even in the Senate, but also he has his enemies. They pair. The office brokerage partnership between Congress and the President is on the basis of established usage, except that this President uses his veto power much more vigorously than some of his predecessors used it, and only clean men are appointed.

The President the People's Attorney

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S place in the legislative machine has been not as an adroit manipulator of the political pie-market, but as an attorney for the people. The President's success has been due not to his deftness in politics. Indeed shortcomings there have been apparent, but they have been inconsequential, for the net result of his winter's work is of vital importance to the nation; and if he succeeded as the people's representative and not as an office broker no one cares much.

President Roosevelt's position as the people's attorney was illustrated admirably by his stand in the coal strike last winter. There is no getting around the fact that his place in the situation was without warrant of written law. He didn't have to do anything in the matter except as his heart and soul saw the law higher than the written law, the law of conscience and common sense. It was apparent to any one who looked at the coal strike situation seriously, that while the strikers and the operators were wrangling the people were suffering. It is probable that both sides of the strife were violating laws; a fight of any kind is always in violation of some law; otherwise it wouldn't come to blows. And it was as a peace officer, not as an arbitrator, that Roosevelt stepped between the combatants. And as a peace officer his first and primary interest was to stop the fight, so that the suffering people might find relief.

This act indicates Roosevelt's attitude toward the public or the people or the commonwealth, or whatever one may choose to call the force from which government derives its power; it is a peculiar attitude, and certainly extra-constitutional. It is the attitude of a paternal ruler, who puts his sense of personal duty above laws and courts and constitutions. It establishes relations between the people and their ruler outside of laws, beyond forms and traditions, sweeping aside everything but sheer justice and standing before them as between men and man. It was a brave thing, but a dangerous thing to do. If there had been the trace of meanness or of selfishness in this deed Roosevelt would have been ruined by it. As it was he rose. Every great ruler rises thus: Lincoln with his emancipation proclamation, Washington with his farewell address.

Last fall when the biennial elections gave Roosevelt the most unequivocal indorsement an American President ever got, he said to a friend: "This is not the end; it is only important as a promise. It is up to us to 'make good.'" In his message to Congress last December the President proclaimed a legislative program. It included trust legislation; the canal legislation; supplemental Philippine legislation, and Cuban reciprocity. Probably a majority could have been found last December in both branches of Congress against the President's suggestions, but these majorities vanished before spring, and the trust legislation, which was known to have the Administration's sanction, became law. Part of the Philippine legislation was also enacted. The Canal treaty and the Cuban treaty were not ratified at the regular session, and an extra session of the Senate was called to settle the matter. It is possible, too, that an extra session of Congress will be called next September. The President has yielded nothing. The Senate leaders now know that he will fight; also, what is more important for results, that he will compromise on any commercial proposition, and meet his opponents half-way. Sometimes the President takes an advanced position, so that in coming back to compromise he meets his adversary squarely on the ground of exact justice! This is worth considering in making up an estimate of Roosevelt's character.

The strength of Roosevelt's character, as it has been illumined by the fireworks of so many past fights, was seen typically in the fight for trust legislation. There he did exactly what he has done in every important contest he has ever won: made his opponents choose the less of what they regarded as two evils, and thereby do what he regarded as right. The attitude of Wall Street toward the President has been hostile from the day he took the office. Sometimes Wall Street has tried to conceal this attitude. At other times the hostility has been open and vicious. A series of bills relating to trusts and corporations was framed. These bills provided for the appropriation of $500,000 to push prosecutions under the anti-trust laws; for the advancement of anti-trust cases on the Federal dockets; for publicity in the reports of corporations; for the effective prohibition of rebate-giving by railroads. To the President these bills seemed fair. Of course a myriad of other bills, some drastic and ultra socialistic in their tendency, were before the Congress. Nothing could get through Congress without the support of the eight Senate leaders, Messrs. Aldrich, Hanna, Lodge, Hale, Frye, Platt of Connecticut, Allison and Spooner—unless the President should throw his force solidly against theirs. It became apparent to certain Senate leaders, who did not like the Administration trust program, that something would be done against the trusts. They saw that, if they did not act with the President in the support of the above-named measures that he would take such help as fortune put in his way and secure such measures as the fire-eaters would give to him. Wall Street grumbled. The Republican party was threatened with political hell-fire; the newspaper organs of those interests which represent the crass brute force of wealth raged. He spurred for position and grimned. Then the Senate leaders came to him, and the bills he desired were enacted. The Republican party "made good" in one of its promises.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth paper in Mr. White's series. The next will appear in an early number.

But the promise of the election last fall has been fulfilled at some cost. That part of the American Republic called Wall Street—which, by the way, does not mean merely Wall Street and Lower Broadway, but embraces selfish, unpatriotic corporate greed wherever it exists in the country—is now aggressively against Roosevelt. It is casting about for some one to beat him. The gossips say that Whitney is trying to get up enthusiasm for Judge Alton Parker, of New York, on a raw-head-and-bloody-bones, man-eating, anti-trust platform, with a hole cut in it for his feet to reach the rock of conservatism. But Wall Street may learn that it is much easier to fool yourself than to fool others, and seeing that the West will have none of Parker may conclude that Roosevelt is safer than ills we know not of. A most astonishingly candid article from the Wall Street Journal of February 18 indicates that the Roosevelt question is occupying the Wall Street mind. Under the head, "Anything to Beat Roosevelt," the Journal says, among other things:

"'Anything to beat Roosevelt' is clearly the motto of the powerful financial interests in the Street, so far as 1904 is concerned. What is the fault that Wall Street finds with President Roosevelt? Different answers would no doubt be given to this question by different people. Some would say that the President was dangerous because he was impulsive and erratic; some affect to consider him a demagogue because of his attitude on the trust question and on the coal strike; all would agree in saying that he was not to be controlled by anybody. It seems to us that this last is the crux of the whole matter. No particular fault was found with the President previous to his intervention in the Northern Securities case a year ago. His action in that matter opened the eyes of the financial powers, and did it in the rudest possible fashion. They had neither been consulted nor warned beforehand. The blow fell suddenly. Then came the coal strike, and Mr. Roosevelt's intervention as representing the public. A second time they felt the force of his hand.

"The situation is undeniably interesting. President Roosevelt has in his administration up to date been supported by the general mass of public opinion in this country. No one in his party is strong enough to stand against him as his equal in the public eye. He has two qualities of a kind that always excite public enthusiasm, namely, absolute honesty and absolute independence. The very fact that his independence has earned for him the whole-souled hostility of Wall Street is not at all unlikely to prove a great element of strength to him in the coming campaign. It is for this reason that we regard the attitude of Wall Street as very unwise at this juncture. . . . How is Mr. Roosevelt, if nominated, to be beaten at the polls? He can only be beaten by the election of a candidate standing for principles such as those embodied in the 'yellow' journalism. A concentration of the forces of socialism, demagoguery and 'high finance' would be necessary for this purpose, and even then it might not be successful; and if it were successful, would the 'high finance' feel quite comfortable in its new surroundings? It is impossible not to feel some sympathy with the 'high finance' in its present position. It has been accustomed for some time to have things more or less to its liking, and it is not accustomed to dealing as a minority interest, so to speak, and where it does not control. President Roosevelt's independence in matters affecting financial interests has been a great surprise and, of course, a bitter disappointment. This, however, while it may be a bad thing for the country, is not necessarily so. It is not universally admitted that Wall Street is the only safe or proper guardian of the interests of the country. All that can be said about it is that it is the most highly organized and probably the most intellectually efficient portion of the public in these matters.

"It seems to us that, as we have already said, Wall Street is between what it considers 'the devil and the deep sea.' It would be very poor policy to unchain the forces of socialism merely to get rid of the present executive because he could not be controlled. Wall Street should remember that of all sections of the body politic none is more dependent upon the law than itself. Mr. Roosevelt has ever stood for rigid execution of the law without fear or favor. Wall Street may want to break the law at times, ... but Wall Street has a great deal more to lose from a general disregard of law than it has to lose from its universal enforcement."

ACHIEVEMENT THE MARK OF HIS GUESTS

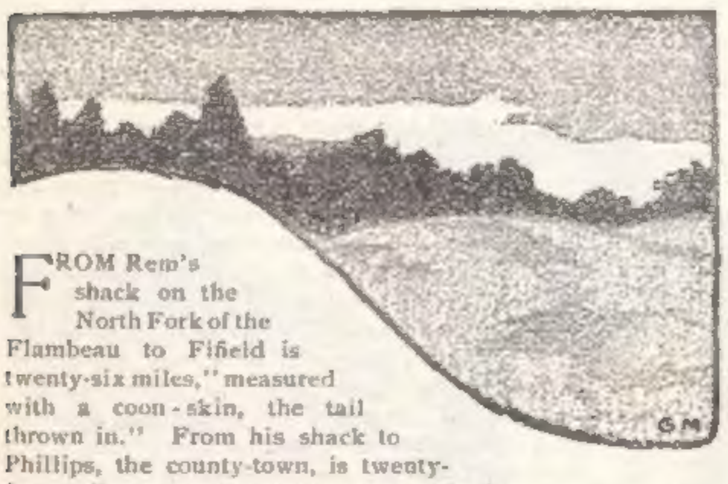
Whatever Wall Street may decide to do, there is no doubt about this proposition: James J. Hill, who is a kind of divine vicegerent in the Northwest, is going to fight Roosevelt to the finish. And Hill is of the type which made Katherine the shrew say "The man's a man." Wall Street may be coaxed and badgered and scared. But Hill belongs to a different race—the race of creators. He pushed his railroad through deserts, over mountains, into forests and out again till it reached the ocean. He has big, knotty intellectual biceps, and being a sort of king in his own right in his own country, regards Federal interference with the Northern Pacific and Great Northern merger as an unspeakable insult. He considers he has a blood-bond out to fight Roosevelt, who interfered with the merger; and there will be no surrender. All along the lines of his road, from the lakes to the ocean, if a railroad may influence sentiment, it may transpire next year that there is a feeling against Roosevelt. The people of the country, who are with Roosevelt probably more closely than they have been with any other President, may as well make up their minds to the fact that the coming campaign is going to be fought bitterly against him. No man can do his duty without making enemies, and the people will find that a plain, earnest, brusque man like Roosevelt, who goes at the heart of evil, is going to acquire a set of enemies so elaborate and varied that in the end they may be the chief bulwarks of his defense. These anti-trust laws were not put on the statutes for ornamental nor for purely literary purposes. In a few months their enforcement will begin, and then the real test of Roosevelt's strength will come. Perhaps it might be better said that the real test of the good sense of the American people will come. It is safe to say what Roosevelt will do. But will the people stand with him when he is under fire. Those who do stand may be counted not as loyal friends but as good citizens. The patriotism of the Republican party will be tried in the same crucible. If the party stands by Roosevelt when the trusts and the railroads forsake him and speak falsely against him, it will be a sign that the Republican party has not lost its vigor, and that it is ready for new duties and new honors. The best one can do is to hope. It is much too early to rejoice in the outcome of this fight as a fact accomplished.

Of course, the contests that the President may have with what we call the trusts will be advertised and discussed. And in advertisement and discussion he will have the ultimate advantage. But much of his really important work is not attractive to the public, and in the nature of things can bring him no credit, though it may add substantially to his roster of enemies. Here is a typical case: Judge Willis Vandeventer, who has been an efficient Attorney-General for the Interior Department, and whose handling of the preliminary details to the opening of the lands of the Kiowa and Comanche Indians in Oklahoma and the Indian Territory in the summer of 1901 was universally commended in the West, was promoted recently to a place on the Federal bench as circuit judge. Vandeventer's place in the Interior Department was filled by the promotion of Frank L. Campbell, of Ohio, who has been Assistant Secretary of the Interior since 1899, and has been in the Interior Department over twenty years. His promotion was made without consulting the Senators from Ohio, who under the rules of politics should have recommended the appointment. It was not politically recommended at all. The appointment was a promotion for merit. F. H. Fimple, who was assistant to Vandeventer, and who was familiar with all the details of the land department, was made Assistant Land Commissioner when ex-Governor Richards, the Assistant Land Commissioner, was promoted to the Commissionership. George B. Cortelyou, who was made Secretary of Labor and Commerce, had no political influence back of him; his advancement was clearly a promotion. These are instances which came up only in the month of February. There have been scores of others. The evident aim of the President is to get the work of the Government on the merit system as nearly as possible and to eliminate political influence in the direction and control of appointments. Of course, one of these days the President is going to step on a political corn, and make some political power of the first class very mad. The people will see the anger only, and probably a specious cause and not the real one, and they may take sides with the political power and against the President. So the honest effort of the President to get a dollar's worth of public service for a dollar's worth of public taxes will not find its immediate reward in public approval. But it will win in the long run, and probably win under Roosevelt, for he is one of the few Presidents who have been able to simplify issues, to reduce questions to their lowest terms, and get down to primitive morality—to bring questions before the people on first principles. The politician who fights that kind of a man should beware.

It seems to be accepted by the people and the politicians that Theodore Roosevelt desires a Presidential nomination from his party next year. The people seem to have taken it for granted that the nomination will come without a fight, as indeed it may. But there is only one axiom that never fails in any emergency in public life. It is that nothing is certain in politics till it becomes history; so, though Roosevelt has the probabilities in his favor, much may happen in a year. The things that threaten Roosevelt are little things: the negro problem, an outbreak in the Philippines caused by the economic conditions there that are becoming alarming, factionalism in the States, a scandal in some branch of the Government remote from Presidential inspection, and the intrigues of politicians. The politicians do not like Roosevelt. He and his friends may as well face this, and the people, who admire Roosevelt, should be forewarned. The politicians in the Republican party would leave the President for Hanna in ten days if Hanna would but pass along the word. Or if another Republican should be cast up by the wave of some big event, the professional politicians would swarm over him like flies; then if any one of those little things just noted should become aggravated, Theodore Roosevelt would have to fight for his political life, and that, too, handicapped by the fact that he would only fight fair, whereas his enemies, aided by unlimited financial lubrication from Wall Street, would ride him down ruthlessly with the automobile of defeat. In a big fight—a fight so big that the politicians would risk making it—Theodore Roosevelt would lose the South and much of the East, perhaps even New York; his nomination would have to come from the country west of Cleveland and north of the Mason and Dixon's line. These are things which the people should bear in mind. For the people are with the President, and the people can defeat the politicians. The men who are hurrahing and waving flags and talking most excitedly about the

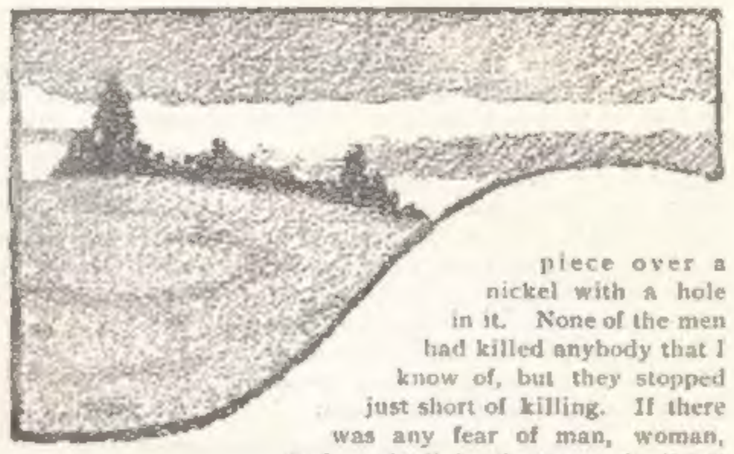
(Concluded on Page 14)

THE CHRONICLES OF REM



By H. S. Canfield

WANDERINGS OF MR. AARON MURPHY, WHO HAD A "SENSE OF THE NORTH"



FROM Rem's shack on the North Fork of the Flambeau to Fifield is twenty-six miles," measured with a coon-skin, the tail thrown in." From his shack to Phillips, the county-town, is twenty-four miles; same measurement. He is eighteen miles below the slough, where the main tote-road turns off to the Fried Ham Hotel. Rem is a bachelor and sixty years old, with shoulders like Jean Valjean's, Colossus legs, and a nose hooked like Julius Cæsar's. He built his shack with his own hands, unconsciously imitating and improving upon Thoreau, making it of big hemlock logs, chinked with moss and mortar, a roof of split hemlock shingles and a stone chimney. It has stood for a long time and will stand when he shall sleep in the primeval forest that shuts him in on three sides like a wall.

Half a mile below him is a white man who has taken a Chippewa squaw to wife, and the man and the squaw are his only neighbors. Rem does his own cooking, and having the income of a garret poet with the tastes of Lucullus, does it well. No beans and purslane and roast woodchuck for Rem. He rises above the man who had "traveled extensively in Concord." The lean and fat of the deer are his—he has planted a little patch of rutabagas so that the bucks may come to it at night and thereafter be properly entombed—squirrels, ruffed grouse, wild geese, ducks, even beef sometimes. Rem has done many things and knows many things not known of the merchant and student, but most of all he shines in "Canada bouillon." That is made in a pot—ducks, ruffed grouse, salt pork, potatoes and half an onion boiled to a glorious pasty thickness. A wise, strong man will speed far to foregather with a gallon of "Canada bouillon." Rem has been a lumber-jack for more than forty years, and even now works in the woods of winters along with younger men, "falling" trees and making them ready for the spring drive. The Flambeau sings past his door ceaselessly and when the ice locks it murmurs lowly like a faint voice in a dream. In the pool from which he takes his drinking water the muskellunge lies recondite and the wall-eyed pike loafs and the black bass flashes like a meteor. The partridge drums from near-by coverts, the red squirrel scolds, and the hoarse voice of the giant woodpecker, "Hick's partner," foretells rain. Always the wind talks to the sad-hearted pines.

Rem sat in front of his shack in a chair of his own making. He made it of a pork barrel by sawing half through in the middle, splitting out some of the staves and leaving the others sticking up for a back; then he filled the bottom section with straw and old sacks. His only companion, Tom, a big yellow cat, returned from a woods excursion and leaped into his lap. Tom had gone out to fraternize with skunks, of which he was fond, but had changed his mind to hunting and had a feather or two clinging to his chops. Tom liked skunks for the occult reason that his master liked home-grown tobacco. The scent of each was fearful, but alluring. Rem told this tale:

"Murphy came to the camp three miles in from the South Fork when we were putting the tar paper on the sleep-shack. We had got the walls up and a barn built and there were thirty of us. Seventy more were coming in a day or two, for it was a big camp—sawyers, axmen, chainers, drivers, a heap of them. Murphy saw a cant-hook on the ground and he says:

"'What's that?'

"We stopped work to look at a man who didn't know what a cant-hook was. Big Bell, the boss, says:

"'What are you?'

"'I'm a cook,' says Murphy.

"'Bull-cook or cookee?' says Bell. Those are lumber-jack names for head cook and dish-washer.

"'I'm a cook,' says Murphy, 'and a good one, and I've hoofed out here for a job. Forty miles it is, and the divil's cess to the divil that laid out the road.'

"He was a little man with red hair and a red mustache, and he talked in a high voice like a woman's. When a lumber camp needs a cook it hires the first man who says he can cook, and if he can't cook it grabs him by the legs and throws him out and hires another one. We needed a cook, so Bell cocks his eye up at the sun and says:

"'You've got an hour to wrestle with the grub, and we'll find out whether you know the difference between good butter and Ole's imagination,' and that was his name for 'this 'margarine stuff that would poison a dog.'

"Murphy was little, but spry. The tools were ready to his hand. Every lumber-camp has got a range that costs from sixty to a hundred dollars and enough pots and pans to stock a hotel. People who think they haven't don't know lumber camps. And the men have got to have good things to eat or they won't work; fact is, unless they're pampered they can't stand the work. Murphy dumped the kossoo he had his duds in and skinned out of his mackinaw jacket, and he knew his business. A camp cook has *got* to know his business. He gets seventy-five dollars a month and his board; and rustling three meals a day for a hundred big men is no joke.

"This little chap was the right sort of cook: he sung at his work. When you get a singing cook you've got a good one; same way with a woman they tell me; I've never tried it. When he wasn't singing he was talking, and if he couldn't hold anybody still enough to talk to he'd talk to himself. We found out a good deal about Murphy before dinner was over; found out that his front name was Aaron, and he got that name because he had an Irish father and a Jew mother, and when we asked him his religion he said he was a Baptist. We had a stew for dinner that I remember yet and coffee strong enough to pull the quills out'n a porky.

"That settled Aaron with us. What did we care if he was short-waisted and short-crotched? It wasn't more than a foot from his collar-button to the topside of his overalls, but that made no difference. He'd take a couple o' ducks and four partridges and some salt pork and potatoes and a little fifteen-X flour and make you a Canady bouillon that would stick to your ribs like grim death to a dead nigger; he'd sing five verses of 'Lilljbullero,' with a fry-pan in his right hand tossing flapjacks and his left stirring venison stew with dumplings in it. When you get into the woods with a cook like that you want to speak him kind and give him half of your terbacker. Them cooks ain't born every day. That's what the first gang thought of Murphy.

"The second gang come in three days afterward, and 'long about the shank of the day when the boys were getting in from the woods you'd have thought that Murphy was in six places to once. He decked it up this way: It was up to him to give a better supper than he give the night before, and he done it. Murphy was earning five thousand a month, if he wasn't getting it, and we wanted to call him 'Mr.' Murphy.

"I been in many lumber camps, but that one on the Flambeau laid over all the others like a twenty-dollar gold piece over a nickel with a hole in it. None of the men had killed anybody that I know of, but they stopped just short of killing. If there was any fear of man, woman, God or devil in that camp it didn't come through the grain and show on the bark, and it took all that Big Bell could do to hold 'em down. There was Con Davis and Big Napoleon and Fool Thompson and Bull-Moose Johnson and Buck George, and twenty others known along the Wisconse from away above Minocqua to the Mississip, men with heavy jaws and open eyes and hard in the mouth. There's one thing that's not allowed in lumber camps, and that's fighting. A man that fights gets his walking-papers and goes away if it takes a peavy to start him. The company wants work, and a lumber-jack with his fingers chewed up and his ears gone can't work for a while. There's got to be a woodscock, though, just as there's got to be a camp-boss, and them chaps had to find out which one was woodscock. They fought it out away from camp, by the skids or along the logging-roads, and Davis was woodscock.

"It took a month to sift things down, but Davis was woodscock and the last man he made squeal was Big Napoleon, and Big Napoleon hadn't squealed from a week north of Quebec down to Saint Looey. Then everything was all right and the crews made holes in the woods. Davis and Napoleon worked together, both axmen and both sawyers from where the loggers grow, and it was something to see 'em. The sound of the axes was like a woodpecker rapping and when they started to rip the saw in the dust flew. 'Fall!' they'd yell, and a big pine would stagger and sway and come crashing down, and it seemed that almost before the roar of it died away they'd sing 'Fall!' and another would crash. Turn loose a pair of men like that and they'll let daylight into the thickest woods ever growed.

"And all of this time we were loving Murphy. Sometimes I wake up in the night and get to thinking 'bout the beans he cooked in a bean hole, letting 'em simmer and bake and get ripe all night, and in the morning they were like golden nuts and sweet all through. But though we loved Murphy you can't keep lumber-jacks' tongues still and he was an easy man to worry. He thought a heap of himself and would rise to any sort of bait. You take the smartest man that ever lived, take George Washington and put him in camp, and if the boys want to they'll have him crazy in a month. The little man liked the sound of his voice and talked as fast as a six-foot saw spins. He'd talk about Ireland for fifteen minutes, the words coming like logs jerking down a rapid, and then Davis would pick him up by the belt and blow in his ear and drop him in the ashes. Then there'd be a war-dance and some of us would have to hold Murphy head down by the heels till he cooled off. We never knowed that we was hurting his dignity—didn't know that he had any dignity, but he was like all the Irish, believed he was a king's great-grandson.

"I've noticed it often, and it's funny, but what a man knows least about that's the thing he wants you to think he knows most about. Murphy didn't know what a cant-hook was when he broke into camp; he'd found his way there by following a tote-road as wide as a street: it was a trail that a blind man with a wooden leg couldn't have missed; but he would have it that he was a woodsman. He couldn't tell a hemlock from a tamarack, or a tamarack from a pine with the limbs off, but that's what he swore to. His face got as red as his mustache and hair and he jumped up and down like a pea in a hot skillet when we laughed at him. The trouble came one night when Bull-Moose Johnson was trifling with him. Bull-Moose had a heavy head and face and could look more like a fool than any man I ever saw, but he had sense. Murphy says:

"'And for finding yure way troo th' woods 'tis aisy. Ye have only to remimber th' direckshun in which ye lift camp. 'Tis to the north, south, east or wist of ye, that's shure. Thin ye turn au' go to it.'

"'Ay,' says Bull-Moose, 'you're a great man, Murphy. Pity you can't sit on a stool and put your feet on the ground.'

"His size was another thing that hurt Murphy, and when the boys laughed he began to saw his right hand forward and backward across his body like he always did when worked up.

"'Ye'll find some day, ye big fat-head,' he said, 'that though ye can t'row a moose, old Colt has made me twinty

REM AND HIS CAT

pounds the best man. And I can tell ye the p'ints of the compass anywhere, day or night; 'tis no matther.'

"'Ay,' says Johnson, 'and how?'

"'I have a sinse of the north.'

"'You have what?'

"'A sinse of the north; I said it.'

"'Ay, and what do you mean by that?'

"Johnson had a slow, greasy way of saying 'Ay-y-y-y-y!' that would make a man want to hit him.

"'Tis the north I know, anywhere, any time, wid me eyes open or shut. I can feel it, ye fool. 'Tis always wid me, the feelin'. Blindfold me, spin me aroond fifty times and I'll p'int me finger at the north star. 'Twas born thot way I was.'

"Johnson looked at him for a full minute. 'Ay-y-y-y-y,' he said, 'you were born a liar, you stud snowbird.'

"The little man stood all drawn together for a moment while we laughed, and he didn't look more than a yard high. Then he leaped at Johnson like a wildcat. The big one was tilted back in his chair with his mouth open, but he was as quick as lightning for all of his size. He raised one foot like a ham, set it in Murphy's stomach, lifted him from the floor and threw him over the table, just a gentle push, not using more than half his strength—but the cook went flying. He fell in a bundle and rolled over and then sat up crying. Strange for him, he didn't say a word. He was just broken-hearted. We didn't laugh then. We thought of all the things he had done for us—he was only a baby among all of them big, rough men, anyhow—a baby with a red head and a red mustache, but a baby just the same; a good little fellow was Murphy, and a cook, sure.

"Con Davis got up and walked over to Johnson and talked some stuff I'm not going to give you; it'd make your hair curl. Then he reached out and shut down on one ear with a hand, like two logs grinding together. He just squeezed and Bull-Moose squatted down in his chair like a hen partridge. He didn't look half as big then.

"Con Davis said: 'Squeal, d——n you!' And the man gave a little whimper like a slapped girl. Big Bell was lying in his bunk and he came over in his stockings. 'Quit or git!' he said. Davis looked at him and took off his grip. 'I'll quit,' he said.

"Next morning Murphy was gone.

"You bet we missed him at breakfast, but the cookee was made cook and we took a young Norwegian with a cough for cookee and got along somehow, but we never got any more Murphy bouillon and Murphy beans, and Bull-Moose was unpopular. We tried him, one after another, out on the tote-road that morning and he squealed three times and made five dog-falls. He could have whipped some of us, but we had him scairt as a buck in February with the timber-wolves on his trail.

"Now, there was two inches of snow on the ground and we tracked Murphy easy enough to the river and across. He had a foot no bigger than a woman's. Then he struck off sharp to the left, skirting Connor's Lake, and we knowed he was making for Griffin's camp thirty miles northeast. When we saw that we didn't care what become of him; felt like he'd deserted us; and when we thought of the jacks at Griffin's getting the grub we got hotter yet. We went back to falling and chaining, and let Murphy slide.

"Three days afterward a chainer from Griffin's showed up and asked for work; he'd been fired for fighting. We says to him:

"'How you like your new cook—ain't he right?'

"He says: 'What new cook?'

"We says: 'Murphy, the red-headed son of a king; ain't he a wonder?'

"He says: 'Don't know no Murphy; got the same old cook up there and he's worse'n smallpox.'

"This was at dinner. We looked at Big Bell and he looked at us. Then he says, pointing his finger: 'Ike Rawson, Rem, Tucker, Reed, Knutson and Jones—you've all got compasses.'

"We slipped into our mackinaws and rolled our blankets. Knutson threw twenty pound of grub into a kossoo and strapped it on. We hiked out of the cook-shack and down to the river without a word; Ike in the lead. He was an old landlooker and a good man in the woods. Murphy was lost.

"Now, you know, that's likely to happen to any of us. There never was a man so wise that he couldn't get balled up in the woods. I've been lost twenty times, but every time I knowed what to do and Murphy didn't. When you're lost the first thing you want to do is to look the fact square between the eyes. 'Twon't do any good to make out that you're not lost. Stop still and say to yourself, 'I'm lost.' Then sit down at the foot of a tree, lean your back against it, take out your pipe, fill it, and smoke it to the bottom. Then think the matter over. Get up and walk ten rods, come back to the tree and smoke another pipe. By that time you'll know what you are and what to do. Take a line and hold it, keeping your eye on a tree straight ahead, going to it and then going to another one. No difference if the line is right or wrong; it will bring you out somewhere. Murphy didn't know that. He hadn't the sense of a sapsucker.

"Maybe you know what being lost means to men that live in the woods. You tell a camp that a man's lost and every one of 'em will want to go hunt him right away. It is to them the most terrible thing that could happen—next to a forest fire. They've seen some awful sights finding lost men. That's why Bell didn't have to tell us anything when he counted us off with his finger.

"It snowed a little the day after Murphy left, just enough to blot out his tracks. The weather wasn't cold, four or five below zero. We followed easy enough to where he'd branched off for Connor's Lake. From there on his course to Griffin's camp would have been straight through the timber. We backed him to hold it for a mile or two—with his sense of the north and no compass. After that he was likely to go anywhere. Two miles beyond the lake we separated, to meet that night at Porcupine Run. It was only five miles farther on, but we wanted to hunt the woods. We hunted in pairs. I went with Knutson and helped him with the kossoo. We ran into the others after dark. They had a fire built, but no Murphy. They were waiting for the grub and had nothing to say. There was another day gone. About midnight I got up to throw on a log and found it was snowing again. Next morning Ike says:

"'How do you make Griffin's from here?'

"I set my compass on a stump to steady it and laid a stick to point the course. He looked at it. 'I make it that,' he said. The others made it that.

"'Well,' he said, 'that's one way we don't want to go.' His reason for it was that Murphy, being lost, would hit any course but the right one.

"'You've seen him walk about camp,' Ike went on. 'How would he travel?'

"We thought a while. I could see him plain, hustling about among the pans. His right shoulder drooped a little; he did most of his work with his right hand; when he looked at anything hard he had a trick of half closing his left eye, showing that he saw better on the other side. 'He'd swing to the right,' I said. The others made it that.

"'Somewhere within three miles of where we are,' Ike said, 'he got off his course. Say he went to the right. Then he hit the South Fork and crossed it. He wouldn't know enough to follow it up or down. We'll try it that way.'

We broke up and headed east and southeast to cross the South Fork and found nothing. We did all we knew—built fires and shouted and fired our guns—an' got no answer. That made two days gone for us and Murphy five days out from camp. The next day was like the other. We were twenty miles from Bell's on the Flambeau and we knowed that the little cook couldn't have gone much farther. He was walking in a circle if he had any walk left in him, and we thought it funny that we couldn't find his track, for it hadn't snowed since our first night out. We quartered those woods like a bird-dog in a cornfield, but you know what the North Woods are, and you know that we were looking for a needle in a haystack.

"I got an idea that the Irishman had swung even farther to the right after crossing the South Fork and that would take him south. The longer a man stays lost the stronger his body-habit gets, and that's the reason why all of 'em, sooner or later, get to trotting in a circle. I told Ike about this; we'd looked everywhere else and we decided to try that. There was nothing in that section but a big tamarack swamp, but Murphy was likely to bulge right into a swamp in his state of head.

"I felt like a man had thrown a pint of alcohol into me at noon when I came to a little red pile, half buried in snow. It was made by the entrails of a moose-bird. There were no feathers and I knew that an owl or fox had not caught the bird, because then there would have been feathers and no entrails. Murphy had captured the bird and picked it as he stumbled on and then had cleaned it, his old cook-habit holding good, though he was starving. I could see faint prints in the snow, half-filled, and I followed them back for a hundred yards. There I found the pole with which he had killed the bird. It was an old camp trick. Moose-birds are great thieves and the cooks are always at it. They balance a pole on a stump and put a piece of meat or bread on one end of it. The bird lights for the grub and they slam the other end of the pole with a club. That jerks up the end and the shock kills the bird. Murphy had put a piece of his shirt on the end of the pole and the bird had come down to see what it was. It was a tussle between a fool man and a bird just a little bigger fool.

I back-trailed then and could follow for a while. Murphy had wandered about in crazy fashion. He recrossed his own tracks half a dozen times, and every time he made a loop that was as near a circle as a man could have run it with a stake and chain. Then near dark his trail ran into the edge of the swamp. I was a mile from our meeting-place and I gave it up for the night, but I was sure we'd get his body next day.

We hit the swamp in the morning and expected that his trail would circle us out of it in a little while, but it ran in zigzag. The bog was frozen as hard as a rock and we followed the trail by broken marsh grass. Two miles in we found an island, holding maybe forty acres and thick with hemlocks and tamaracks. Fifty feet from the edge of the island was a funny thing—a trail broad almost as a cowpath and running straight. We took it and stuck to it and it brought us back to the starting point. Here was a circle sure enough: it ran clear around the island. We walked it a couple of times and that didn't do any good. Then we found a faint trail leading from it and took that.

Maybe a hundred yards farther on we saw him. It was only a red mustache and a thin nose that stuck out from under his cap-rim. He looked like a bundle of clothes with a wooden man inside of them, leaning against a big tree, and he was making a queer, shrill noise. It made us stop and shiver. Crazy as a buck in running time, he was keening his own death-song. We moved as softly as we could, but he saw us when we were five rods away and, yelling like an Indian, jumped a log and did his best to get away. Ike and I were fast on our feet and we had him before he made fifty yards. Except for the moose-bird he had been nearly eight days without food. He had stuffed snow into his mouth until his lips were cracked open. He had traveled hard and had walked, I should say, three hundred miles, but he wasn't more than thirty miles from the camp at that. He didn't know any of us; didn't know his name was Murphy. We made him a little soup and put it into him; that's all we dared to give him.

"There isn't much more to tell. He never got his senses while with us and we sent him to town with a tote-team. He had one of them accident tickets the hospitals sell to lumberjacks and he got a cot at Ashland. We drove out the logs in April and I saw him in the summer. He'd got well all right, but didn't look the same. He never sung or whistled, and he told me that he had bad dreams."

IT WAS AN OLD CAMP TRICK

Money Kings of the World

By W. T. Stead

Baron Shibusawa of Japan

IN THE preceding articles I have sketched in outline the salient features of the careers of the most notable Money Kings of the Modern World. I have now to describe one who, in some respects, is more remarkable than any of those who have preceded him in this series.

Baron Shibusawa, of Japan, although not much of a millionaire—much less a multi-millionaire save in Japanese yen, of which ten go to a pound sterling and two to the American dollar—combines in his own person many of the distinctive characteristics of the monarchs of the financial world. He is neither a king crowned, like Leopold, nor a *roi fainéant*, like most of the English millionaires. He reminds us a little of the founder of the Rothschild dynasty by his courage, initiative and enterprise; of Cecil Rhodes by his vast dreams of Japanese extension; of Pierpont Morgan by his skill in the promoting and amalgamating of great commercial corporations, and of M. Witte by the astuteness with which he conceals political designs behind the extension of financial facilities. And, over and above all these traits of character common to the greatest of his compeers, the Japanese Baron has distinctions as well marked and as remarkable as the characteristics which distinguish the land of the rising sun from the countries of the western world.

Japan, the island home of the romance and the mystery of the East, has often set the world in amazement since she condescended to enter the lists of modern civilization. But who could have anticipated that out of the ranks of the two-sworded Samurai, who forty years ago guarded the ancient home of a jealous and exclusive feudalism, there would spring a man who, at the beginning of the twentieth century, would be generally recognized as one of the best if not actually the supreme incarnation of financial genius, of business enterprise and of commercial expansion?

Baron Shibusawa the Morgan of the East

IN A RECENT conversation with an eminent American banker I was fortunate enough to secure a rapid sketch of the money kings of the United States. What he said was somewhat on this wise: "We have no kings in the United States, but only a plutocratic aristocracy. It is a modern feudal system. The Republic is portioned out between great interests, which have superseded the district as the unit of sovereignty. In England in the Middle Ages you had your duke who, from his feudal castle, exercised all but regal authority over the whole countryside. He levied tax and toll upon his vassals, he administered justice, raised armies, and ruled and reigned as the earthly providence—or the diabolical scourge—of the countryside. We have the same kind of thing in America, only the basis of the power of plutocratic feudalism is not territorial but financial. There are, for instance, the railway kings. They require nearly 200,000 miles of metaled way. Each of their vast satrapies represents the conglomeration of innumerable smaller lines. Each of these lords of the metaled way makes alliances, levies war, invades territories and reigns with despotic sway over a standing army of hundreds and thousands of able-bodied men. There are Pierpont Morgan and J. J. Hill at the head of one great confederacy. There are the Colossuses, Rockefeller and Vanderbilt, each with his own domain. There are Harriman and Cassatt and Gould and Moore, each with a distinct realm within which his will is law. What is the authority of a Senator or even of a President compared with the sovereignty of these men within their own peculiar domain? Then there are the great banking kings: Stillman and George Baker; the iron kings, of whom the most conspicuous, Andrew Carnegie, has just vacated the throne. Greatest of all is Rockefeller, of the Standard Oil, who taxes the light of the million in order to feed the lamp of learning which he has kindled at Chicago. Havemeyer, of the Sugar Trust, is another who might be named; of minor monarchs there is no end. These men are the rulers of the Republic to-day, or if not of the Republic, at least of so many citizens of the Republic that what they say goes."

Imagine a newly developed country in which, owing to the exceptional circumstances of its late awakening, it was possible for one man to concentrate in his own person all the authority and influence of all the railway kings, of the shipping rings, of the great industrial undertakings, so that he could be described as being at once the Vanderbilt, the Rockefeller, the Pierpont Morgan and the Carnegie of Japan, and you can form some idea of the position of Baron Shibusawa. It is, of course, quite true that his operations are on a smaller scale. The total mileage of all the Japanese railways does not reach one-fiftieth of the mileage of the railways of the United States. There were at the close of the century under four thousand miles of railway in Japan, which would be a mere siding to the gigantic system of the Vanderbilts. But it is all there is of railways in Japan, and in the formation of the private companies which constructed most of these Japanese lines no man was so influential as Shibusawa. On the sea Japan makes a better showing. Long before Pierpont Morgan conceived his great Atlantic combine, Shibusawa had created the great Japanese Mail Steamship Company, the fifth largest steamship company in the world, whose seventy steamers carry the Japanese flag over all the seven seas and earn a good dividend for the stockholders who have invested eleven million dollars on the faith of Shibusawa's financial genius.

In everything relating to the industrial development of modern Japan he has taken and still takes a prominent part. It must sometimes seem to Baron Shibusawa as he passes through the country as if he were the creator of its prosperity. He is connected in one way or another with over one hundred and thirty companies, and is president or director of between thirty and forty of the largest companies in Japan.

The Captain of a Score of Industries

A VISITOR to the Baron's beautiful gardens and house on the outskirts of Tokyo once asked him why he did not endeavor to remove some large paper mills which disfigured the view from his windows, and change the course of the railway track, which passed the foot of the hill on which his house stands. He replied that it would be difficult for him to complain, since he was president both of the mills and of the railway. Of banks the Baron has promoted numbers. Besides the First National Bank there are the Bank of Japan, the Yokohama Specie Bank, the Japan Industrial Bank and the Crédit Mobilier of Japan. Of miscellaneous companies he has started and supported scores for gas making, electric lighting, shipbuilding, weaving, spinning, hemp and rope manufacturing. His companies own collieries, build railways, make bricks and cement, manufacture hats and fertilizer, refine sugar, dredge harbors and manage stud farms.

His career is as interesting as his achievements are prodigious. He is only sixty-two years of age and his activity spans the whole period of the Japanese revival. I met him last summer in London and was much impressed by his youthful vigor and keen intelligence. Yet he was already in his teens when the American Commodore Perry first burst open the door by which Japan had shut herself out from the rest of the world. He was born in 1840 at a place forty-five miles from Tokyo where his family had for generations been engaged in farming pursuits, to which they added the culture of silkworms and the manufacture of indigo. Shibusawa was educated at home, and as a boy he is said to have shown little indication of the future bent of his genius. Like other boys he was noted for a fondness for fiction, a taste which being carefully developed led him to the reading of history and the study of Chinese classics. When he grew toward manhood he practiced fencing, and when he was old enough to swear allegiance to one of the feudal lords at Kyoto he displayed sufficient promise to be allowed to reorganize the military system of the clan to which he belonged, and, what is still more significant, to carry out various financial reforms in its administration. These were the days when Japan was passing through the pangs of her new birth. The power of the Tycoon was tottering to its fall. The star of the Mikado was already visible on the horizon. Young Shibusawa, although keenly sensitive to the spirit of revolution that was in the air, nevertheless entered the service of the Tycoon, and when he was twenty-seven years of age was appointed to accompany the brother of the Tycoon on his mission to Europe. He arrived in Paris on the eve of the fall of the Empire. Napoleon III had still three years to reign before the second Empire crashed at Sedan, and the ascendency of the Tycoon was also near its close.

The Japanese Mission naturally excited immense attention. It was the first, or almost the first, which had been dispatched from the far East to the farthest West. Napoleon did his Oriental visitors the honors of his capital, and the splendor and luxury of Paris intoxicated the young Japanese attaché. He saw with quick and piercing intuition that the old order in his own country was passing away, and expressed his conviction by a sudden and dramatic action, significant of the character of the man. He was a Samurai, one of the warrior class. He was attached to the suite of the Tycoon, and wore the traditional costume of his people. Realizing in a moment that the breach with the past must be complete and irrevocable, he cut off his top knot, discarded the Japanese dress, laid aside his two swords, and arraying himself in the sombre garb of the West European he had his picture taken and sent the photograph home to his family. It came to them like a thunderbolt from the blue. Never had they dreamed, not even in nightmare, that one of their race could be guilty of such apostasy. His kindred lifted up their voices and wailed aloud over the loss of honor, the ineffable disgrace that had overtaken young Shibusawa. The young man paid little heed to their lamentations. He was learning French in Paris, and, after all, he had but anticipated in his own person the revolution which was about to be accomplished by his whole nation.

When he returned to Japan he found the country heaving in the throes of incipient revolution. He continued in the service of the Tycoon, and when his chief surrendered power into the hands of the Mikado, Shibusawa was appointed to a subordinate post in the department of the Treasury. In 1870, when he was thirty years of age, he became Assistant Vice-Minister of Finance. It was an eventful time, one in which men of capacity found ample opportunity for making their mark. In those days Japan was blessed with a rice standard of currency, and the land was flooded with depreciated paper, with a face value of so much rice, which was practically inconvertible. This evil system Shibusawa, with the support of Count Inouye, succeeded in reforming; when he left office the notes were at a premium. Shibusawa was appointed inspector of trade, and it was after observing the operation of trade and commerce that he decided to abandon a political for an industrial career. He says: "I realized that the real force of progress lay in actual business, not in politics, and that the business element was really the most influential for the advancement of the country, so I gave up my political position and devoted my life to business, in which I have continued until to-day. I soon came to the conclusion that the capital of an individual is not enough to accomplish very much, and I then became the means of introducing the company system into Japan. The idea was successful and the Government approved it. Since then I may say that every industry in the country has increased—some twenty times, some ten times, and none less than five times."

Oriental Prejudices Against Trade

THE immediate cause of his resignation, however, was his inability to check what he regarded as the ruinous extravagance of the Mikado's Cabinet. Count Inouye and he had with great difficulty established the currency on a sound basis and had restored the value of the Government paper only to find everything jeopardized by an extravagant ministry.

Americans, to whom nothing appears more natural and obvious than the exchange of a political position for an industrial career, cannot appreciate the courage which was displayed in thus stepping down and out from the official hierarchy into the then despised ranks of the merchant, the trader and the banker. Shibusawa was not deficient in courage. He saw where real power lay, and although it seemed to his people that he was making sacrifice of a promising career he was not afraid to stoop in order to conquer. He conquered, but the struggle was severe, and even now the

Editor's Note—This is the last of Mr. Stead's eight papers on The Money Kings of the World.

battle is not wholly won. Only last year on his return from the Western World he told the Tokyo Chamber of Commerce that in Japan the old prejudice still held its ground. He said: "All the countries of Europe and America vie with one another in developing their own respective commercial interests, while the case stands quite different in Japan, where the old feelings of contempt against the trading class still retain their influence to a great measure. Business men may be partly to blame for it, but our society at large must also be held responsible. Unless the standing of business men is raised in Japan her future will be anything but happy and promising. The war, not of soldiers, but of business men, is being constantly fought nowadays all over the world, and the crown of victory will rest with those who are successful in their commercial enterprise. The lamentable condition of our trading class will result in hampering the progress of the country."

He did not allow it to hamper him. His first act when he gained an independent position was to found the First National Bank, an institution which is very much on the lines of the American National Banks. Acting at first as superintendent, he was soon appointed president, a post which he has held ever since. In 1878, on the formation of the Tokyo Chamber of Commerce, he was appointed its president. He still holds this position.

To tell the story of his subsequent achievements would be to write the history of the industrial awakening of Japan. Shibusawa had never much capital of his own to dispose of. But he commanded confidence, and that gave him command of the capital of the people. The joint stock company was the magic wand by which he worked his miracles.

Having decided to adopt business as his career he remained deaf to all entreaties to return to politics. Not even Count Inouye, his former chief, could induce him to accept a post in the administration. The temptation, it must be admitted, was not very great. On accepting office he would have had to resign all his directorships and abandon the control of the great industrial and financial combinations of which he is the life and soul. Notwithstanding the prejudice against the mere banker, the Emperor delighted to do Shibusawa honor. He appointed him a member of the House of Peers, which post he resigned, however, in 1891. He was created a Peer with the title of Baron in 1900. He was the first business man who was ever ennobled in Japan.

Baron Shibusawa has a healthy detestation of militarism. He was, to put it frankly, quite disgusted when President Roosevelt could find nothing better to say to him than to congratulate him upon the naval and military prowess of his countrymen. When he returned to Japan he told his countrymen: "I was warmly received by the prominent men of the world, but on what grounds? The President of the United States praised Japan because of her military prowess and fine arts. Are not Germany, France and England praising Japan to the sky on the same grounds? If the warm reception that I received abroad is based on the feelings that I come from a country known for its military exploits, I must confess that that reception is a death-blow to our cause. Because too much militarism, I am afraid, will sap the very life of a nation." A sound sentiment which does honor to the man.

Yet Baron Shibusawa is no "little Japanese." "No pent-up Utica contracts his powers." He aspires to command the trade of the Pacific, to extend Japanese influence over Korea, and to make Japan one of the greatest countries in the world. He holds the views that the Orient belongs to Japan for commercial purposes. He told Alfred Stead: "I think we can supply the Oriental markets even now better than any other nations can, although the trade is necessarily mostly in the form of exchange of products. The trade of the Oriental countries will come to be regarded as Japan's natural share, and she is already well capable of supplying it." He is no wild dreamer, however, and he is under no delusion as to the possibility of Japan being able to compete "for two or three generations, at least," in European and American markets. Japan's reliance in this international rivalry must not be placed on the cheapness of her labor. Her hope lies in increasing the skill of her workmen and in improving the morality of her people. He told the Tokyo Chamber of Commerce last year some home truths under this head. "In spite of myself, I hesitate to say that Japan has as high morality in commerce as England, America and Germany. As long as the present low state of morality is continued, all our attempts to obtain capital from abroad would be absolutely futile. Laws may be improved, but the barrier of morality is by far the stronger of the two. Let us use every possible means to improve the standard of our business morality."

He is opposed to the latter-day craze of attempting to push business by conquest. But he is keenly alive to the importance of developing binding relations with Korea, which is the natural Hinterland of Japan. His chief work for the Empire at present is his task of commercially developing Korea. He has founded many agencies of his bank in the principal towns; his bank manages to a great extent the finances of the country, and greatest of all his triumphs, his construction of the Chemulpo-Seoul and the Seoul-Fusan railways promises to rival the Russo-Chinese Bank and its railways in results.

Baron Shibusawa also owns gold mines in Korea, which will be worked to great profit when the railway line is in working order. One of the features of the railway line is the provision that at each station of this Korean Railway there must be a hotel fitted up in European fashion.

In his dealings with Korea Baron Shibusawa reminds us of M. Witte and of Mr. Rhodes. Fortunately, he shows no disposition to imitate the impatience which led Mr. Rhodes to launch his country into the ruinous catastrophe of the South African war.

What Shibusawa Thinks of Europe

Baron Shibusawa is keenly alive to the need of introducing capital for the purpose of developing the vast resources of his country. His passionate patriotism never blinds him to the benefits which Japan can reap from a judicious study of foreign nations. He is never so eloquent as when protesting against the old, narrow, exclusive spirit which he regards as scandal. Progressiveness and conservatism are inconsistent. I once asked him what he thought of the Government of Great Britain. "Your conservatism," he replied, "is so strong as to render progress very difficult."

In France he chiefly admired the Paris Chamber of Commerce. He says: "It appeared to me to be by far the best regulated of all the chambers of commerce I had seen. Having been organized under a system of strict legal supervision, it has under its control the Trade Investigation Bureau which is run by the combined efforts of itself and the Government. Reports are regularly drawn up by the Bureau to give accurate information concerning the commercial condition of the world." But France, he thought, notwithstanding her Chamber of Commerce, is the country for artists, not for practical business men. Germany he admired "for the calm, quiet, scientific manner in which with her people science and commerce go hand in hand." Of the English he spoke with enthusiasm for the earnestness and sincerity with which they prosecute all their undertakings. "Their spirit of steadiness and perseverance," he said, "strikes terror even into the hearts of the progressive Americans." In this respect he thinks they set an example to his own countrymen, who are wildly impulsive, but are too easily discouraged when economic conditions are hard. American readers will, however, be most interested in his observations upon the United States. He says: "Commerce and industry in America are progressing by leaps and bounds; America is a great assimilative force. Men of all ranks differing in temperament and training are formed into one body. Each man in America pushes his own interest without taking into consideration the case of others, and yet when any vital question requiring the united action of the whole arises, they all coöperate and work under the principle of America as a nation. America is rich in agricultural products and progressive in industrial enterprises, and knows no bounds to her future development. What I am most concerned about is the fact that the progress of America will not be confined within its own domain, but she will spread her wings of progress to the far East. Japan will have, indeed, a strong rival in America for spinning, weaving, and in paper manufacturing. Moreover, America can furnish money at low rates of interest and can adopt the latest mechanical appliances handled by the most experienced workmen. America can produce things on a large scale, thus reducing the cost of raw materials; everything in Japan is just the opposite—the interest high, the machinery small and imperfect, workmen inexperienced and the productive power insignificant.

"Paradoxical as it may appear, America, which was the first to introduce us to the civilization of the world and which has been our warmest friend, will turn out to be Japan's strongest rival in the field of commerce and industry."

Baron Shibusawa is very sanguine as to the future of his country. He has a level head and is not carried away by the impulsiveness which characterizes so many Japanese. He stood almost alone after the Chinese war when he denounced the reckless investment of capital which followed the payment of the indemnity. The disasters that followed the disregard of his warning will perhaps make his word more potent in a future crisis.

The Baron is a man of great philanthropy and he is perhaps more interested in the Asylum for the Poor in Tokyo and his school for the reformation of bad boys than even in the development of Korea. Certainly when he was in London he was much more interested in Doctor Barnardo's Orphanage than the splendors of the coronation.

The Baron is of medium Japanese height, sturdily built, with a strong face, full of quiet force and determination. A recent writer has thus described him: "His head large and fully rounded, and his broad athletic shoulders of leonine structure and suppleness really constitute the man. His face, which in a photograph does not seem very foreign, is highly characteristic of the best type of Japanese manhood. It is wide and full, and crowned by a broad, liberal, overtopping brow. His eyes are small, but piercingly keen, though soft and expressive in conversation. The Baron meets all men as equals. There is no hauteur or stiffness, and he talks without the palpable reserve so common and so disagreeable in men who have fought their way through difficulties."

Alfred Stead, who spent some time in Japan in 1901 and had frequent opportunities of studying the Baron at home and in his business, has put on record in his interesting and useful volume, Japan, Our New Ally, the following estimate of the regard in which Baron Shibusawa is held by his own countrymen:

"Baron Shibusawa is beloved of every one, rich and poor, great and small, and go where one will it is impossible to hear a bad word about him, or hear tell of an unkind action. Such a reputation is rare, and yet with it Baron Shibusawa is acknowledged as the most powerful influence in economic circles in Japan."

It is well to have to close this series with such a pleasant picture of the well-won popularity of a Money King.

Her Lenten Sacrifice

By S. E. Kiser

Devoutly now she turns her soulful gaze
From worldly things; she ceases for a while
To dazzle at the play: a pious smile
Around her rosebud mouth demurely plays;
She turns from cards and dances, and arrays
Her graceful figure in a modest style;
No gems the whiteness of her neck defile,
No jewels on her slender fingers blaze.

Ah, let the sweet Recording Angel write
A fair account of this fair one below,
Who, having for a space withdrawn from sight,
Sits not impatient with a mask of woe:
By day she reads love stories, and at night
She talks them over with her latest beau

"HOW COME YER HERE?" I HOLLERED

The Autobiography of a Beggar—By I. K. Friedman

Author of By Dread Alone

De Interruptin' Woman

I LEFT de countree sooner en usual dat year 'count ef meh hard luck wid de Honoluler Queen, an' I steered back ter de city late in de fall 'stead ef early in de winter. Winter an' summer is sure ter come along jist when yer don't want 'em, de same ez de cops. It seems ter meh, too, which I wish yer could explain, dat cops an' winter jines hands jist fer ter bother hobos an' fer nothin' else.

I went over ter de Star ef Hope ez soon ez de freight car brung meh ter town, but Sam de Scribe ner none ef meh old friends was in yet, an' I was lonesome an' hungry. De night was rainy an' dark an' cold, an' I didn't feel much like huntin' aroun' fer work, but dere was no way out ef it, an' a hungry stomick don't ask no advice ef yer feelings, anyways. I 'spose a stomick was give us ter keep us movin', same ez four legs was give ter a horse, eh? I walked over north a bit an' picked meh out a corner fer ter stand on an' watch fer pickings, but nothin' come along, not even a cove wid a dime, an' I was gittin' so tired dat I thought ef huntin' meh out a place ter sleep in a alley, when a big, fat lady marched up wid a satchul in her hand, a-puffin' an' a-blowin' like ez ef de satchul was fatter en her.

She gives meh a slip ef paper ter read which says, "Mr. P. G. Martin, 1009 Fernwood Place," an' she axes meh does I know where dat place is. I didn't know, never havin' heard ef it, but I says, "Sure, mum, I knows. Yer walks eight blocks east an' den yer turns two south, an' den——"

"Eight blocks!" hollers she; "dey tole meh it was jist a step er two from here."

"Ef dat's so," I says, "den take two steps an' see ef yer kin see it. I ought ter know, 'cause meh father lived an' died here, an' meh grandfather has a street named ater him, an' meh grandmother——"

"I don't care ter know yer family hist'ry," interrupts she, "but where Fernwood Place is."

"I jist was tellin' yer," I says; "yer walks eight blocks east an'"

"I can't carry dis big satchul dat far," she interrupts agin, an——

"What's in de satchul?" I axes

"Dat's none ef yer bizness," she says, "an' it don't make no diff'runce, anyways."

"I jist wanted ter know," says I, "'cause ef it was glass an' it broke I'd be responsuble ter de law."

"I niver heard ef such a thing," says she, a-lookin' aroun' ter see ef she could find some one else, which she couldn't.

"Stranger here?" I axes.

"What else does yer want ter know?" axes she. An' she takes up de satchul an' turns east, like I told her, which might 'a' been right an' might 'a' been wrong, an' she puffs an' blows, an' den she hollers fer meh ter come along.

"How much will yer charge?" she axes agin.

"Ater eight o'clock we charges ten cents a mile," I says.

"An' how many miles is it?"

"It's three miles goin'," says I, "an' four miles comin' back, 'cause——"

"I niver heard de like," interrupts she, "niver; yer don't need ter take de satchul back, an' de charge is terribul. I'll get a cab; it's cheaper."

"I'll call a cab, mum," says I; "meh Cousin Mike——"

"I don't want nothin' ter do wid yer fam'ly," she cries.

"Yer unreasonuble, mum," says I; "is Mike ter blame ef——"

"Yer kin go," she interrupts agin, her bein' speshul on interruptions; "I wants no more ef yer an' yer impudince. Ef yer don't go I'll call a perlice."

"Let meh call a perlice fer yer, mum; meh Cousin Handy——"

"Ought ter put his fam'ly in jail first," interrupts dis terribul interrupter oncet more.

An' I walks away cursin' mehself fer bein' so foolish an' axin' so much an' losin' sich an easy job, when she hollers out agin:

"Say, how much will yer take ter carry de satchul dere only?"

"Ten cents de whole ways," I says, "an' nothin' fer comin' back."

"Yer changes yer charges mighty quick," says she.

"Well," says I, "widder ladies is half price."

"I ain't no widder lady," she yells.

"But yer's dressed in black," I says

"Dat's meh own bizness," she hollers; "I didn't want yer fer ter marry meh, but ter carry de satchul. Take de satchul, an' march ahead; I'll foller behint."

"What fer behint?" axes I. "I ain't perticuler; yer kin go ahead ef yer likes. I won't charge no more."

"Hurry on," says she; "yer talks more en ef it was a lawsuit. An' I'm late now, an' ef de lady is out——"

"Ain't yer de lady?" I axes.

"Hurry 'long," says she.

So I hurries on fast ez I could fer a block, her a-blowin' an' a-puffin' behint meh.

"Don't go so quick," she pants; "I can't keep up."

"Yer told meh ter hurry on," I says.

"But not ter run," says she.

So I walks on slower en a muskeeter in winter, an' her gittin' madder en madder, but not darin' ter say a word fer fear I'd run agin, but finally she pipes out:

"I wished I was thru wid yer, I do."

"I wish yer was, mum," says I, "fer it'll be past ten afore I gits home, an' meh wife an' de childrun'll worry An' I'll have ter stop ter buy bread, an'——"

"Yer fam'ly ain't nothin' ter meh," says she. "Hurry on. But yer needn't run, an' yer needn't creep along like merlasses!"

"Merlasses!" I shouts. "Good, mum; I'm glad yer said it; I almost fergot dat meh wife wanted——"

"Go on!" she screams, "fer de love ef Heaven, go on. Yer kin write meh de hist'ry ef yer fam'ly aterwards."

"But I can't write, mum," I says, startin' ahead meedjum quick. An' I goes on a block er so, an' den I stops ter mop meh brow.

"What's wrong now?" axes she.

"THREE MILES GOIN' AN' FOUR MILES COMIN'"

"It weighs like iron," I says, "an' I'm goin' ter open it ter see what's inside ef it alore I goes on."

"Don't yer dare!" she hollers. "I niver heard de like ef yer in all meh life. I'll call fer a perlice."

"All right," I laffs; "I was only a-foolin'."

"Well, don't fool no more," she groans; "dis is bizness."

"Awful bizness, too," I says, "a-carryin' a iron satchul eight blocks fer ten cents an' nothin' goin' back."

"I'll give yer fifteen ef yer hurries," sighs she

"I'll hurry," I says. An' I drops de satchul agin.

"What be yer droppin' it fer now?" she axes

"Ter change hands," I answers.

"But yer kin be gentle," she says; "yer'll smash everything an'——"

"But yer said dere was no glass in it," I says.

"How kin yer wife an' yer childrun live wid yer?" she says; "I don't——"

"Well," I says, "dey changes orff, meh wife goin' ter her sister's some weeks, an' de childrun——"

"I ought ter have known better," she groans, "en ter start yer on yer fam'ly hist'ry agin. What a man yer is!"

"Meh wife oncet tole meh Cousin Moses——," I says.

"Go on; fer de luve ef Heaven, go!" she screams, "er I'll carry de satchul mehself."

So I trots on a piece, not wantin' ter lose de job, an' den I stops. "Summer en Christmus, an' winter en Fourth ef July!" I screams.

"What's wrong now?" she axes.

"We're here now," I says, a-readin' de name Fernwood Place on de lamp-post, luck bein' wid meh fer oncet.

"Yer rascul!" she screams. "Yer didn't know where it was an' yer'd 'a' lost meh, yer would."

"I did know where it was, mum," I insists, "only, as yer knows, de world keeps a-turnin' an' a-turnin', an' Fernwood Place is here now an' ter-morrow it'll be where Chinee is, an' the nixt day it'll be in——"

"Go 'long, yer rascul," she says; an' she gives meh de fifteen cents.

"Don't I get anudder nickel?" I says.

"What fer, I'd like ter know?" axes she.

"Fer savin' carfare," I says

"No cars runs here," she says.

"Dey does," I says, "but I fergot."

"An' yer has de impudince," she hollers, "ter put meh to de trouble an' worry ef walkin' an' den ter ax fer five cents asides?"

"But I saved yer ten," I says, "an' yer kin keep five ef it"

"Yer villian! yer hoodlum! yer rascul!" shouts she; "go 'long, er I'll call de perlice."

"Yer no lady at all," I answers back, "callin' meh all dose names, an' cheatin' meh outen ef meh five cents. An' asides, yer interrupted meh five times, which——"

An' she walks away, not answerin' meh, knowin' she was in de wrong an' meh in de right; an' I watches her goin' inter P. G. Martin's house, meh gittin' madder an' madder dat she called meh de names an' cheated meh outen ef de five cents. An' I waits a while an' den goes to de house an' rings de bell, an' I axes de man what comes to de door.

"Please kin I see meh sister, de fat lady what jist come in wid de satchul?"

An' de man looks at meh sharp an' he says, "Come in," an' he lets meh in de vestibool, an' he sings out,

"Jane, tell de new cook her brother is here ter see her."

An' de lady whose satchul I carries shouts, "Dat's funny; de only brother what I got is in de English Army." An' when she sees meh, she says:

"Yer villian, yer here agin?"

"Ashamed ter recognize yer relatives," I says, "'cause dey's poor."

"Go 'long!" she screams; "I'll have de man call fer de patrol."

"An' artest yer brother?" I says.

"I niver seen dat hoodlum afore ter-night," says she, "when I——"

"Den yer jist give meh back dat quart bottle ef whisky what I put in yer satchul, fer a presint, afore yer left home," says I.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and final installment of The Autobiography of a Beggar.

"It's a lie," hollers she, a-gittin' red in de face; "I ain't got no whisky. I never drinks."

"Open her satchul an' see fer yerself, Mr. P. G. Martin," I says.

"How did yer learn meh name?" axes he.

"She tole meh," says I, "when she axed meh ter write her riferences."

"It's a villianermous lie!" howls she.

"I guess yer emptied dat bottle already," says I; "yer needn't mind gittin' it."

"I don't want ter keep no cook in meh house what has sich relatives," says de lady what Mr. P. G. Martin calls Jane.

"Yer p i r f e c t l y right, mum," I says. "Asides, as yer kin see fer yerself, she interrupts all de time."

"I don't need ter stay here," says de satchul lady; "dere's other places, plinty ef em what I kin go ter. But I wants dat rascul arrested. An' I wish yer'd call a perlice."

"I'll save yer de trouble," I says. "I'll call one mehself. Our cousins Handy an' Will is on dis beat."

"Yer kin go an' git yer satchul," says de lady Jane to de cook lady. "I won't have no cook wid two perlicemen cousins comin' here night an' day."

"It's a lie!" she howls, "a most villianermous lie!"

"Don't git excited," I says, "I'll carry yer satchul back. We kin take de cars dis time."

"Perlice!" yells she.

"I'll go fer Handy an' Will," I says; "Mr. P. G. Martin, I'll be back in a minute." An' I starts away.

An' dat was de last time what ever I seen dat fat interruptin' lady, an' it's de last time what I ever wants ter see her; but I'll bet dat she wishes dat she didn't call meh no villian, no rascul an' no hoodlum, an' dat she didn't cheat a poor man outen ef his hard-earned money.

Say, Mr. Anterpolergist, why don't yer study de science ef wimens 'stead ef de science ef man? Git wimens down ter a science, write a book on her, an' de peepul will stand on deir heads ter buy 'em. I'll trade yer de little Hebrew book on Moses fer de fust copy.

A TALE OF A PIG TAIL

IT WAS de same night, Mr. Anterpolergist, ater I left de interruptin' lady dat I went up ter Sam Lung's Chinee restaurint fer a bowl ef chop-suey ter cheer up meh cold an' lonely heart. I goes dere often 'count ef it's bein' cheap, an' 'count ef de Chineses bein' interestin' 'count ef deir ways, an' 'cause de oder yeagers is often dere. An' de first feller I seen was meh old friend Crutch McAllister. He was ez glad ter see meh ez ef he never knowed meh afore, an' we was new friends fer de fust time, which, I guess, is de best kind ef friends, ater all.

An' Crutch an' meh sits down at de table an' orders a cup ef hot tea an' a bowl ef chop-suey, an' Crutch axes meh, "Mollbuzzer, why is it dat niggers is black, an' us white, an' Chineses yaller?"

"A sailor tole meh, Crutch," says I, "dat in Afrikee de air is black, an' in Chinee, which is middle atween Afrikee an' here, de air is natcherally yaller."

"But why is deir speakin' so diff'runt en our'n?" axes Crutch. "A Chinee can't understand a white man ner us can't understand him."

An' I says, "Crutch, de sailorman tole meh dat we learns our langwidges from animuls, an' animuls bein' diff'runt in diff'runt places de langwidges is diff'runt. In Chinee de animuls is mostly pigs an' rats, which 'counts fer de squeaks in it."

"I guess it's so," says he, thinkin', "but why does Chineses wear deir hair in pigtails?"

"De sailor tole me, Crutch," says I, "dat in Chinee dere ain't no houses like here, an' dey all sleeps on de ground, an' at nights a terribul wind comes along an' dey ties demselves ter trees by deir pigtails so dey won't blow inter de sea, which in Chinee is close ter de land everywheres."

"A feller tole meh oncet, Mollbuzzer," he says, "dat ef yer sticks a pin er a horseshoe nail inter a Chinee it don't hurt him none, 'count ef his skin bein' yaller, but ef yer pulls his pigtail it hurts him more den ef yer kills a white man, which is de reason Chineses don't git deir hair cut."

"I'd like ter try it an' see, Crutch," says I, "fer I don't berlieve it."

"Ner I don't berlieve what de sailor tole yer," says he, which made meh mad, him braggin' he guessed he knew more about Chineses en meh, 'count ef his eatin' more chop-suey, an' so finerly we agrees ter ax a real Chinee an' find out.

Dere was a Chinee kid what worked in de restaurint what was half white an' half Chinee, his mother bein' Amerikin an' his father ownin' de restaurint afore he died. Crutch he calls de kid an' he gives him a cent an' axes which was right. De kid says us was both right, so I gives him a cent, too. Den I axes him why it was Chineses' names has allus a Lung in it, like Hop Lung an' Sam Lung an' Charlie Lung; an' de Chinee kid says dat Lung is de Chinee fer Smith.

Den de kid goes orff an' tells de Chineses in de room what we says, 'cause dey laffs an' laffs an' squeaks, which makes meh an' Crutch mad, seein' ez a Chinee ain't got no right ter laugh at a white man, us bein' white an' dey bein' Chineses.

An' I says ter Crutch, "I'm goin' ter yank de pigtail ef de big feller sittin' on de end ef de table afore I goes out."

"Don't do it," says he; "dey'll kill us ter death ef yer does."

So I said ez I wouldn't 'count ef him bein' afeered, but all de time I sits dere meh fingers itches fer ter grab de Chinese's pigtail.

An' I says ter Crutch, "I got ter do it, Crutch; I got ter do it."

"Don't do no sich thing," he begs, a-turnin' pale, an' he gits up ter leave de place, when he sees de big Chinee arguin' wid de kid an' callin' him names an' de kid callin' him names back agin, like kids will, an' de big Chinee hits de kid a hit on de ear, an' de kid goes away a-cryin' an' a-sayin' somethin' ter hisself.

An' Crutch he bends over an' says ter meh, "Maybe, Mollbuzzer, yer could git de kid ter pull de Chinese's pigtail fer ter git even."

"Maybe I could," says I; an' I calls de kid agin, an' I gives him a cent an' axes him what fer de big Chinee hit him.

"He's a uncle ef mine," says de kid, "an' he hits meh all de time jist fer nothin'. He hit meh ter-night 'cause bizness was bad an' he hitted meh last night 'cause bizness was good, I guess. An' I ain't a-goin' ter stand it no longer; I'm goin' ter run away."

"Dat's right," I says; "meh an' dis gent here'll help yer ter git away."

"How kin yer do it?" axes dat kid, him bein' Chinee an' Amerikin an' bein' twicet ez smart ez eny other kid.

"I'll throw yer out ef de winder," I says, "an' dis gent'll stand dere an' ketch yer."

"Not much," says de kid, an' he goes away, de Chinee uncle a-callin' him; but ater a while he comes back agin, an' I says ter de kid, "I'll tell yer how yer kin git away from here easy. Yer pulls de big Chinese's pigtail, an' meh an' him——"

"Not much, I don't," says de kid, turnin' white.

"I'll do it, den," I says, "an' yer kin run out ef de winder an' climb down de fire-escape."

"Yer kin pull it first an' den we'll see aterwards," says de kid.

So I goes ter de winder an' flings it wide open an' yells at de top ef meh lungs, an' all de Chineses 'cept de big feller, what was too fat an' too lazy, runs to de winder ter see what is wrong, an' I runs back an' pulls dat fat Chinese's pigtail wid all meh might an' meh main, an' he screamed out like a parrot in a fire.

"Who's right now, Crutch!" I yells out, "who's right now!"

An' de other Chineses runs back from de winder ter see what wint wrong wid de fat Chinee, an' de kid crawls along fer de fire-escape, an' Crutch yells out, "Go it, kid Chinee, go it; I got meh money on de Amerikin part ef yer!"

An' den Mr Crutch he climbed down de fire-escape ater de kid like ez ef he wanted ter ketch him an' bring him back, an' de Chineses, which ain't fools even ef deir skin is yaller, seen what was up an' dey lightnings out ef door an' winders ater de kid.

An' I seen it was time fer meh ter be a-movin', too, but like a fool I stóps ter give de fat feller's pigtail one more jerk an' he yells holy fire an' Jerusalem, an' two Chineses runs back an' grabs meh, an' afore I knows what happened de whole room was filled wid Chineses what come up from Chineetown ter see what de trouble was. I seen all dose Chineses an' I said meh prayers.

What fer does yer pull his pigtail?" axes one Chinee dat speaks English.

"'Count ef him helpin' de kid ter git away," I says.

An' de Chinee translated what I said ter de other Chineses, an' dey jabbers an' yells at de fat Chinee, an' he yells an' jabbers back agin till I seen dere was trouble atween 'em an' dat luck had put meh on de right track ez I learned aterwards; for de fat Chinee an' de others had a fuss in de Chinee restaurint bizness an' de fat feller said he was goin' ter take de kid away; fer why I don't know, ner never learned. An' what's de use ef learnin', anyways, ef yer don't care?

An' dey jabbers more an' de fat Chinee whines an' jabbers back agin, an' a dozen ef 'em grabs hold ef meh, an' I thought dey was a-goin' ter turn meh inter a bowl ef chop-suey when a cop come along — which was one ef de first times in meh life dat I was glad ter see a cop.

"Now, you, what's up?" he axes ef de Chinee what speaks English.

"Dis feller here," he says, "pulled Sam Lung's pigtail, an' his pardner runned orff wid our Chinee kid."

"Why fer did yer come in here an' pull dis Chinee gent's pigtail an' raise a disturbince?" axes de cop.

"Well," I says, "I pulled his pigtail fer two reasons, de first bein' 'count ef a dispute twixt meh pardner an' meh dat ef yer pulls a Chinese's pigtail he turns green, an' I wanted ter see how a green Chinee looks; an' de second reason bein' dat de fat Chinee give meh pardner a dollar fer ter open de winder an' ter let de kid run away."

Does yer expict meh ter berlieve dat?" axes de cop.

"I'll pull his pigtail an' yer kin see fer yerself dat he turns green," I says, reachin' out fer de fat feller's hair, an' he yells an' squeaks, an' de cop gives meh a crack wid de club.

"I don't want no more ef yer nonsinse," he says. "Where did dat Chinee kid go?"

"Down de fire-escape," I says.

"An' where did yer pardner go?" he axes.

"He runned ater de kid ter bring him back," I says.

"Don't tell meh none ef yer lies," says de cop, rappin' meh wid de club; "tell meh where de kid an' yer pardner wint!"

"Here dey is right now," I says, hearin' de Chineses yellin' an' squeakin' on de stairs, an' Crutch McAllister a-howlin' an' a-yowlin'. "I tole yer he runned away fer ter bring de kid back."

An' dose Chineses comes in de restaurint shovin' an' draggin' Crutch in, an' he looked most awful tired ef life, but he keeps up his nerve an' he yells out ter de fat Chinee:

"Set up de chop-suey an' de hot tea; I brung yer Chinee kid back."

An' de cop he laughs an' de Chineses dey grunts an' dey squeaks, an' sure enuff a big Chinee feller wid a long pigtail has de little Chinee kid by de arm; an' I feels sorry ter see de kid cryin' an' lookin' so white an' skeered, an' I knowed he would git it most awful when us an' de cop was gone.

(*Concluded on Page 29*)

"EF YER PULLS HIS PIGTAIL IT HURTS HIM MORE DEN EF YER KILLS A WHITE MAN"

AN' DE BEST CHINEE RUNNER WAS NO MORE'N A FOOT BEHINT MEH

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Passing of the "Freak Feature"

THE Sunday newspaper has been so widely discussed during the past decade by vain and empty-headed persons who hope to see their utterances in print, that it is doubtful if even the most intelligent of our philosophers really comprehend the importance of the part that it plays in modern life. It is not, as those orators who hope to have their words reported declare, "the great Sunday sermon for the people," nor is it the vehicle of higher thought and the disseminator of useful and uplifting knowledge that it is represented to be in the advertising columns of the Saturday issue. It is, however, an instrument of extraordinary power in awakening a taste for reading and a thirst for knowledge in the minds of a class that in other countries read nothing at all and have no desire for self betterment. In fact, the enormous sales of certain recent works of fiction can be traced directly to the influence of the Sunday newspaper, which has created an entirely new race of readers and book buyers.

But the time has come when the Sunday newspaper must lift itself from the rut of sensation in which it has been traveling these many years past and accommodate itself to the growth of the very taste which it completely satisfied when it was as yet in its elementary form. Let it not forget the awful fate which has overtaken that other institution from which it has copied so many of its most striking features and which is now almost obsolete, the dime museum. This form of entertainment came into existence about the time that the Sunday newspaper began to acquire a hold on the popular American fancy, and both began with genuine "freak features," as they are termed. The one regaled its earlier patrons with such freaks of Nature as an elastic-skinned man who wore his outer cuticle loosely like a bathrobe; a double human being and dwarfs of the smallest conceivable dimensions. The other appealed for circulation on the strength of such edifying contributions as What the Newark Hack-Drivers are Doing this Week, with portraits of the leading hackmen, and The Cure of Little Children, by Jesse Pomeroy. So long as their freak features were genuine, both institutions flourished, but in the course of time, thanks to the systematic pot-hunting of dime museum managers and Sunday editors, all the freaks in the country were used up and there were no more elastic-skinned men, and not a criminal of note who had not written himself out in an effort to keep pace with the morbid public appetite.

A veritable famine in freaks ensued and for a time the public hunger was partially appeased by fake freaks, such as mermaids of domestic manufacture, conventions of ugly young women who ate doughnuts and sawed wood, and tribes of Indian maidens who engaged in walking contests. At the same time the "great Sunday sermons for the people" were preached from such texts as The Man with the Sorest Ears in Troy, The New Cotillon Leader Who has Taken Society by Storm, and Heiresses to Countless Millions Who Wear False Teeth. From the moment of the introduction of these fakes the decline of the dime museum began and continued until but one of those once popular places of amusement remained in New York, which had formerly supported fully a dozen. The Sunday newspaper, however, has continued to thrive, but its future is already a matter of grave doubt to many of those whose dollars are invested in Park Row. At the present day the anxiety shown by these men is plainly indicated by the fact that there is no better paid position in a newspaper office than that of Sunday editor and none which changes hands more frequently, or leaves its incumbent in such pitiful nervous and mental collapse. As for the Sunday newspaper itself, its every issue is consumed as thoughtfully and criticised as freely as the salad in a German boarding-house, which is made by each of the boarders in turn.

The consensus of expert opinion points to a Sunday newspaper of the immediate future which shall be less "freaky" in character and of a higher literary and artistic merit. There are even optimists who believe that the time is at hand when a comic supplement with its worn-out jokes, bad drawings and glaring colors will cease to charm. This is too much to be hoped for, but the chances are that a reformed and greatly improved Sunday newspaper is one of the agreeable possibilities of the not too distant future.

Twenty Years of Navy Building

ON THE third of March, 1883, the New Navy was born. On that day Congress authorized the construction of the first steel-armored ships that ever sailed under the American flag—the small cruisers Chicago, Boston and Atlanta, and the dispatch boat Dolphin. On March 3, 1903, just twenty years later to a day, the New Navy, already grown to giant stature, was reënforced by a provision for five new battleships, aggregating seventy-four thousand tons, and some small craft. This single addition surpassed in tonnage and fighting power all the vessels authorized down to the time when Secretary Whitney turned the Navy Department over to Secretary Tracy, six years after the reconstruction of the fleet began. It was almost or quite equal in actual strength to the entire Navy in service at the beginning of the war with Spain, and it would have overmatched the combined fleets that wiped out Montojo at Manila and Cervera at Santiago. With the exception of the great program of 1900, this is the most extensive addition ever made to the regular American Navy in a single year.

The German scarecrow has been conspicuously in evidence for some time and has done good service in stirring up public interest and scaring Congress into making liberal naval appropriations, but the fact may as well be recognized that it is only stuffed with straw. The American Navy is stronger to-day than the German Navy, and at the present rate of growth it will become increasingly stronger year by year. The Kaiser's building plan is imposing—almost terrifying—taken in a lump, but its annual installments are modest compared with ours. The German provision for this year is two battleships of something over 14,000 tons each and one armored cruiser, against our five battleships, three of 16,000 and two of 13,000 tons apiece.

Not only is our Navy ahead of Germany's, and gaining, but with the new construction authorized we shall be stronger in first-class battleships—the solid, fighting power of a fleet—than either France or Russia. In other words, we shall have in about four years, if not sooner, the second fighting navy in the world. It will be incomparably more powerful than the British Navy was ten years ago, at which time the strength of England at sea had already reached a standard which few Americans expected us ever to attain. What the creation of such a force might mean in international politics may be realized from the fact that with our fleet against her England would have difficulty in meeting one of the great naval powers of Europe, while with us on her side she could hopefully face them all.

The three 16,000-ton battleships authorized by the new law—improved Louisianas—will doubtless be the most formidable vessels afloat. Even the two smaller ships of 13,000 tons each will be more powerful than the Oregon, the Kearsarge, the new Maine, or anything else we have now in service or shall have in service within the next two years. They will be worthy members of a fleet of twenty-four first-class battleships that cannot be matched by any other twenty-four ships in any navy of the world—bar none.

Why We Keep Lent

WE ARE now near the end of Lent, which in America has become, oddly enough, the most popular of religious observances. There are very few of the Protestant churches which do not now keep the solemn fast, at least during Holy Week, in some fashion.

This is explained every year in the newspapers with plenty of cheap humor.

"It is fashionable to be pious for a month in spring. People who give dinners or dances in Lent lose caste. Women retire to the winter resorts, not to fast and pray, but to repair their tattered wardrobes, worn out in the winter's balls. Housekeepers rejoice to be done with entertaining for six weeks in hopes that they can clear off the butchers' and bakers' bills"; and so it goes.

Such jokes are popular and are easy to make. No doubt there is a good deal of truth in them. Even the armies of the Crusaders had their Black Guard—gangs of thieves and cut-throats who marched with them under the banners of the Cross.

But we suspect that Lent has grown in favor with Americans simply because there is no idea so popular among us as that of self-sacrifice. We are not wholly given over to making money.

Two or three years ago the sons of millionaires rushed to Santiago to fight as privates to "give Cuba a chance," and in the Civil War the men of the whole nation offered their lives for an idea.

There is something in the proposal that we shall stop business and amusement and go apart alone to face God which appeals to every rational man. He takes stock of his goods. Why not of himself?

He knows that he needs to go apart and meet the truth about himself squarely. What is the use of the fight he is making for a bigger income? Of the hours, days, years of work which is wearing out body and soul for—what? Or, is he not working enough? What are the books worth that he reads? The dawdling days—the talk which goes for nothing—this companion or that—what are they worth? What is *he* worth? Some day in an instant a black curtain will drop across his path and no man will see him again.

Who is behind the curtain?

It is the business of a sane man to take time to face these things. It does not matter whether it be in February or in August, an hour every day or a month in the year.

Science as a Pastime

ONE who does not understand at least the rudiments of botany does not know what "the country" means. And there are comparatively few, even among the well educated, even among those who have studied botany, who do understand. Why? Because "practical" botany is not taught; because teachers of it and their scholars, as a rule, look on it, go through it as if it were as remote from the concerns of daily life and thought as is differential calculus. Botany is treated like a grand, lofty, learned person, one to be admired and respected, but never trifled with. As a matter of fact, botany is a plain, common, every-day person, as indifferent about the company it keeps as a pair of shoes is about the station of its wearer. Only within the last few years—ten at most—has anything appreciable been done to strip botany of its unfit classical cloth of gold and garb it in the working clothes of the masses to whom it belongs. As yet, the very mention of it causes alarm—and the upsurging of the latent impulse to yawn.

President Eliot, of Harvard, is now urging that it be taken out of the high-schools and colleges and put down to the primary grades—among the other "observation" studies. There can be no dispute as to the soundness of this position. For, next to reading, is there any other branch of knowledge which can so readily give so much pleasure to so many? He must be unimaginative indeed who does not see in the country, in the day-by-day progress of the annual melodrama of the birth, life and death of summer, a wonderful and powerful play, crowded with startling incident. But unless he understands at least a little of the language of Nature, he is like a man watching a play given by a company of "star" players in a foreign tongue.

There are some defects in education that are all but irreparable. A lack of knowledge of the rudiments of science is, happily, not one of these. And the laziest man or woman can overcome the deficiency with less exertion than is required in learning a new game of cards or a new stitch in that kind of needlework which is affected solely because it is useless. The day will come when, thanks to the efforts of men of genius applying themselves to the enormously important work of writing textbooks, the fallacy that "learning" is a task will give place to the truth that "learning" is a pastime.

The prejudice against "learning" is well founded. So-called learned men are responsible for it. So many of them are so dull and they write so dully that the average person says, naturally enough, "Heaven forbid that I should do anything to make myself that sort of bore." But if one will put aside his prejudice long enough to look into the thing he will find that the sciences hate the "learned" deadly-dull, dry-as-dust society in which they are compelled to spend most of their time, and that they long for the company of people with lightness of mind and with a disposition to laugh on the smallest possible provocation.

Science is not a task-master, laden with instruments of torture. It is a universal playmate, laden with toys and games that fascinate young and old alike. Some day we shall develop a race of writers and teachers who will show us this instead of hiding it from us. Meanwhile we shall have to put ourselves to the trouble of finding it out for ourselves.

Spring is at hand—is here for thousands of our Southern readers. It is the time for botany's magical spectacles that will prove to you that fairies do dance in the grass and that dryads do haunt the trees.

MEN AND MEASURES

By Charles Emory Smith

THE GENERAL INDIGNATION AGAINST THE LAST SESSION'S PROLONGED FILIBUSTER IS REFLECTED IN CONGRESS AND MAY BE EXPECTED TO PRODUCE RESULTS

THE long interval before Congress meets again gives ample opportunity for a deliberate consideration of the processes of legislation The question is emphasized by the parliamentary block of the closing days in both Houses. The resort to filibustering has reached a point where not merely the principle of majority rule but capability of action is involved Formerly it was a question of concerted obstruction by an organized party minority or faction. Now it has advanced a stage and become a matter of individual "hold-up."

Generally the last week of a session is distinguished by an indiscriminate rush of measures of all sorts to get through But the last week of the recent session was marked by a blockade, not altogether pacific, to prevent any measures from passing. Chains were stretched across the channel. Old hulks were sunk on the line of advance. Concealed torpedoes and hidden mines menaced every approach. In the House there was sheer mechanical obstruction The Reed rules, refined and sublimated to the last degree by his disciples and successors, checkmated any intellectual operation. No power of forbidden speech, no dexterity of impossible strategy, could avail to bar the way. There was simply the dull, monotonous resource of interminable and wearisome roll-calls. In the Senate, with its unlimited monologues, sometimes misnamed debate, its discourteous "courtesy," and its lawless law of unconsenting unanimous consent, it was simply necessary for a single Senator to pile his desk with irrelevant books and an inexhaustible box of troches, to stand on his pins and wag his tongue, in order to stop all legislation.

It was a study in the art of how not to do it, and in the existing system the negative is far easier than the affirmative. The obstruction developed a new impulse. Heretofore the motive has been to defeat a measure for the sake of defeating it, because there was a distinct object in defeating it. It is true that at the close of the Fifty-sixth Congress the versatile "Tom" Carter, of Montana, with his fecund humor and his volatile imagination, talked the River and Harbor bill to death, not because he disliked the River and Harbor bill, but because he had been balked on his scheme of irrigation. He was fertile enough himself, but his country was arid, and so he halted the dredging on the coast because he couldn't get dredging on the mountains.

But that was an isolated case until the last days of the late session blossomed with obstruction for the sake of obstruction or of retaliation. The filibustering in the House was not directed to the defeat of any particular measure. There was no bill pending which anybody had any object in beating. But the minority notified the majority that if they unseated Mr. Butler, of St. Louis, every possible hindrance would be interposed in the way of legislation for the remainder of the session. It was probably ill-judged in the majority to insist on unseating him at that late period. He had only seven more days to serve at the worst. The inaction which ran through nearly two years would not have been disastrous if continued another week. But whether wise or unwise, the majority exercised the right of the majority in purging the roll, and though the minority could not prevent that act they limited all business for the rest of the session to the small volume that could be enacted with the excruciating delay of an incessant roll-call. It was the substitution of a local freight train for the lightning express

In the Senate, obstruction could not only block and curtail general legislation but it could defeat any particular measure. It was employed decorously but procrastinatingly through the whole session against the Statehood bill. Here was a keen fight and a distinct purpose. But it was equally employed at the end against the Philippine Tariff bill and the Aldrich Financial bill. Nobody really objected to either. Both were public measures without any politics. The first was needed for the commercial relief of the Philippines and the second for the currency relief of the United States. Not only did they involve no partisan issue but the general professions of the minority bound it to their support. Yet notice was served that both were to be strangled simply because the Statehood bill had been hung up. Thus in the development of parliamentary methods the point has been reached where the menace of choking meritorious and unobjectionable measures has become a weapon of warfare over controverted propositions, and nobody can resist a vicious scheme without incurring the risk of provoking a retaliatory crusade against the most needful and vital legislation. So the law of personal courtesy is fast degenerating into the lawlessness of public filibustering, and the rule of unanimous consent becomes the misrule of the individual "hold-up."

This enthronement of the individual obstructor reached its culmination when Senator Morgan opened the flood-gates of his inexhaustible vocabulary against the Panama Canal Treaty and compelled an extra session, and when Senator Tillman set his jaws against two great appropriation bills unless his particular appropriation was conceded. The one had a measure to defeat and the other a scheme to carry. Both adopted substantially the same method. Senator Morgan announced that he would talk the treaty to death so far as the regular session was concerned. Senator Tillman announced that he would talk the appropriation bills to death unless Congress yielded to his demand. Both accomplished their ends. Morgan forced an extra session; Tillman forced a surrender. Morgan held the Senate by the throat, and Tillman made Congress stand and deliver. In neither case was there any accomplice. The legislative marauder stood alone. The chivalry of unanimous consent had become the tyranny of the individual autocrat.

"Uncle Joe's" Protest to the Senate

"JOE" CANNON is not endowed with the graces of oratory He will not be a Chesterfield in the chair, as he is not a Clay on the floor. But if the sword of his attack does not glitter in its polished steel and carry a hilt of diamonds, it cleaves and crushes in its pungent force. His vigorous denunciation of the imbecility of the rule of unanimous consent and of its letter of marque for the legislative privateer touched the Senate on the raw. When the Senate is challenged the Senate stands together. There was a chorus of cachination in answer to Mr. Cannon. But there was at the same time a manifest consciousness that his caustic criticism expressed a widespread and rapidly growing feeling of the helplessness of the Senate under the present perversion of its liberal rules, and of the contempt to which it will sink unless it rescues itself from this submission to irregular and defiant individual control

The offspring of that consciousness was Senator Allison's resolution directing the Committee on Rules to review the rules for the purpose of determining whether any changes are necessary, and especially whether any limit should be imposed on debate. Such a movement on the part of such a Senator is significant. Mr. Allison is cautious and conservative by nature. He embodies the average spirit and sentiment of the Senate. Sound, experienced and conscientious, with the highest sense of public obligation, if all Senators were like him there would scarcely be need of rules at all beyond an order of business. His proposed inquiry suggests the need of some reform without indicating its scope and extent. This impression is confirmed by the simultaneous renewal of the proposition of Senator Platt, of Connecticut, providing that when any measure has been under consideration the concurrence of three-fifths of those present may fix a limit to the debate and determine when a vote shall be taken.

Mr Platt is one of the wisest and sanest members of the Senate. He fulfills the ideal of the old Roman Senator in the best days of Roman glory. His shining sense, patriotism and sobriety make him a model Senator. He is responsive to enlightened public sentiment without being swayed by public clamor. He believes in power of legislative action without loss of deliberation. The feeling he everywhere inspires is that which the President one day voiced when, in reference to this high minded statesman he said: "There is the true, unselfish patriot" Senator Platt would probably go further in the direction of parliamentary reform than most of his associates. Even the moderate cloture he proposes can hardly be expected. With all the manifest abuses which have excited opprobrium the Senate will still be reluctant to give up the source of individual power. If it could guard against the abuses without curtailing personal opportunity it would gladly do so. But the difficulty of eliminating the one without restricting the other will present a constant perplexity

The House carries the extermination of talk too far. It has ceased to be an arena of debate. The notable speech is a rare accident. Outside of the ruling group the opportunity of speaking is a favor, and the highest incentive of most of the prepared efforts is the dubious privilege of a tardy and unwitnessed burial in the mausoleum of the "Record." The genuine, illuminating discussion is almost a thing of the past. The rules have reduced debate to a skeleton without flesh and blood, and have crushed all the life and spirit even out of filibustering. It has been narrowed down to the mechanical process of the continuous roll-call, and when the roll-call takes three-quarters of an hour it will be seen how little business can be done in a day. The one remaining step for the suppression of obstruction is a device for a record vote without the delay of a roll-call, and if the House can work out such a method as is used in some parliamentary bodies in Europe and at the same time allow a little more latitude in debate, it will become even less of a filibustering and more of a deliberative body

It cannot be desired that the Senate shall come to the summary methods of the House. There should be one branch in which there can be full freedom of legitimate discussion. The objection to the extinction of debate is so great that it leads to a liberty which sinks to the most unbridled license. This tendency is aided by the impulse of the Senator to preserve a freedom which enhances individual power and which may sometimes serve his own particular purpose. He is willing to tolerate for others what may on some occasion be useful for himself. After all, it is considerably a question of whose ox is gored. Hosts of people were willing to see obstruction of the Statehood bill who were shocked at the impassable barriers erected against the Aldrich bill. Thousands quietly chuckled over Carter's "thus far and no farther" to the River and Harbor logrolling who were indignant at Morgan's dam against the Panama Canal

Indeed, until recently there has been fair ground for the claim that no vital and indispensable bill has been defeated in the Senate by filibustering and that when the majority were in thorough earnest for a measure they have found a way of passing it. It is true the Force bill was beaten in the Fifty first Congress by obstruction, but some of the majority were half-hearted, and it is now generally regarded as fortunate that the bill failed. In the extra session of the Fifty-second Congress, which President Cleveland called in order to secure the repeal of the silver purchase clause of the Sherman law, there was prolonged factious opposition which baffled action for weeks, but it finally melted away before the resolute and uncompromising determination to accomplish the repeal. The rule of unlimited debate and unanimous consent has been tolerated and excused partly because it has been regarded as not an unmixed evil. It has probably in the long run defeated more bad than good measures, and if the balance were struck on the record up to the last session it might be found on the credit side.

But the recent carnival of obstruction has enforced the necessity of reform. The lord of misrule has played pranks that were never heard of before. It has now become a question whether the law of courtesy shall be so elastic that a single Senator can hold up the entire Congress for his own individual purpose, and whether the perverse obstruction of needful measures shall have free course to be played as a means of intimidating any objection to dangerous schemes. Heretofore the rule has been the defense of the minority; now it is the weapon of the individual. It is plain that the time has come when the Senate must protect itself against the whim of the filibuster or the menace of the bushranger. A legislative body which is impotent to carry out its own will becomes an object of contempt, and when it is compelled to yield to a single solitary guerilla it is little less than grotesque.

It is not to be expected that the Senate will adopt the general principle of cloture. We may safely assume that the ancient privileges will not give way to any such radical innovation. But it is likely that the rules will be amended so as to put a check upon obstruction during the closing days of the session, and especially to protect the appropriation bills for the maintenance of the Government from the danger of defeat through any individual caprice. The broader reform which would enable the majority to determine when legitimate debate on any matter under consideration had been exhausted and when it should be brought to vote will be more difficult to accomplish, and need not be looked for at present. But even the more limited rectification which will cut off the flagrant abuses recently witnessed will be a decided advance, and with the awakened perception of its necessity the proverbial inertia of the Senate will not long resist it.

Even with the difficulties of obstruction the session made a notable record. When both the legislative and executive branches of Government are considered, the three months mark large progress in the development of American policy. Perhaps the concurrent significance of all the steps was not fully measured as they were taken. The creation of the General Staff and the Militia Reorganization bill prepare the way for making the Army far more available and effective for an emergency than ever before. For the first time the machinery is provided for quick movement, for large operations and for intelligent prevision and planning. At the same time, without public avowal, without discussion and with only the perception which moves with silent purpose, the vote is taken which means that our Navy is to be the third in the world. And with all this the Monroe Doctrine is vitalized as never before.

Put these three facts together and see the improved position in which three months have placed the country. Through the Venezuela complication our Government has come to a more distinct assertion and a more definite grasp of the great dominant law of this continent. Europe has given it a more tangible recognition, and South America has seen that it is a substantial reality and not a mere sentiment. To American assertion and European acknowledgment and South American concurrence add the staff organization and militia expansion of the Army and the future potentiality of the Navy, and reflect on the doubled influence and power of the Republic. These correlated facts are the assurance at once of dominance and peace.

So much for the outward look as it has been affected by the winter's developments. The inward look has also been materially advanced. The session began with the universal expectation that there would be much talk and no action about trusts. It ended with little talk and all the action that had been planned. The creation of the Department of Commerce with the machinery of inquiry, the expedition of pending suits and the accountability of corporations and not of individual officers for discriminating rates arm the President with the necessary initial power. There were many smaller measures. But in the wide survey, and in the perspective of the future, these large coherent acts, wrought out by the executive and legislative branches together, will make the winter memorable in our national evolution.

THE PRESIDENT

By William Allen White

(Concluded from Page 5)

impregnable position of Theodore Roosevelt in the fight of nineteen-four are the men who would desert him at the drop of a hat.

One sees that in Washington continually. It is impossible to spend a day in the corridors of the Capitol without hearing some one say: "You know, of course, that I am for Roosevelt, but——" And there it goes. Congress is full of men who are "for Roosevelt, but——," and their chief joy is found in sneering at the reconstructed White House. Gaines, of Tennessee, gave them some comfort in his speech attacking the President's integrity and asking what became of all the money that was supposed to be spent on the improvements. His sneer at the President's social diversions, which are paid for, of course, out of the Presidential salary, tickled the ribs of the "for Roosevelt, but" fellows and they chuckle over it every time they get a chance. But, as a matter of fact, Roosevelt's social entertainments are particularly to his credit. If he chose he might save his salary. He is a comparatively poor man, and he has a large family. When he goes out of office he will have to support himself. A matter of a hundred thousand dollars saved from his salary would be a pleasant help. But instead of saving part of his salary President Roosevelt is using it all; he is doing so, not from a desire to spend, for instinctively he is a frugal man. Probably he believes that the salary of $50,000 a year is given to him to maintain the dignity of his office, and not that he may be able to leave that office well-to-do. The entertainments that the President and Mrs. Roosevelt give are many, but they are simple and not extravagant. They are in nowise exclusive. Any socially presentable man or woman in the United States, who comes to Washington introduced to the President as to any other American gentleman, may receive this White House hospitality. The musicals which Mrs. Roosevelt has given this winter have cost considerable money, but the number of the guests—that is, the entire simple democracy of these affairs, and not their lavishness—has made them expensive. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt have given many dinners—many more than the arbitrary rules of Washington official society require—but these dinners have been notable for their dignified simplicity of fare, and for the distinction of the guests, not merely in official circles but in every walk of life, and from every part of the land. Wealth has not been the distinguishing mark of these guests; the one characteristic which has marked all, who were not there perfunctorily, has been achievement. It is the man or woman who has done things that attracts President Roosevelt as it attracted Roosevelt the man before he came to the White House.

In no other way than in a purely social way may the President of this country get at the sentiment of the people. And in no other way than in a social way may the people of the country know the real heart of their executive. Naturally but a small per cent. of the people may reach the President in person, but if this per cent. is well chosen it will reflect the people of the home communities and carry back to these communities the truth about the head of the nation. More than this, it carries from the White House as the White House is managed to-day an abiding sense of sincerity in social relations and of democratic good taste in entertainment that cannot but have a strong educative effect. If the President cares to spend his own salary in these ways and for ends that are not required of him except by his conscience, his enemies who scoff at him for these things must have little else to pick at; but, on the other hand, when a man is thirsty for trouble he never has to walk far to a spring.

And the enemies of the President, the few of them who are bitter, in Washington, have a "ho! every one that thirsteth" institution which not only quenches lips that are parched by envious burning hearts, but which also douses cold water in the faces of those who are known to admire the President. It has been whispered about that dinners have been arranged several times this winter at which only one strong Roosevelt man will be present. There he hears such abuse, such vilification, such slander and jeering at the President that if he is a weak man he joins the mob; if he is a strong man he is astounded, and if strong and politic he is set to thinking. There can be no doubt but that there is a systematic, persistent effort among Washington politicians of a certain ilk to discredit the President with the strong, sincere men in Congress who are attached to him personally and politically, and also there can be no doubt that the animus behind this intrigue will take the fight against Roosevelt to the people, if the intriguers ever dare to do so. It is not to Roosevelt's discredit that these parasites bother him. Lincoln, who was straightforward, brave and wise, above politics, was afflicted with the same kind of itch!

In the coming eighteen months the American people may be put to a test; there cannot be the slightest doubt that there is at the head of this nation a man schooled to practical wisdom in practical life; brave and efficiently brave, as he is wise; earnest, direct, shamhating yet passionately patient in great crises, and above all a man erect, bowing to no master, abject only to his conscience. This is a man after the fashion that the people have created in their heart as an ideal for thirty years—and found him only in their hopes. Such a man is as sure to cross the purposes of men who live by devious ways as a merciless fire is sure to burn tinder. No diplomacy, no tact, no kindness of heart, no Christian charity can save him from giving offense to those who live in darkness, and if he should put peace, even party peace or peace in the nation, above duty, he would sink to the mediocre level of a skillful politician. The test will come to the American people when the rupture comes openly, if it should come thus, between Roosevelt and the politicians. Their excuse for the break will not be the real cause of it. Indeed they will probably assume the air of shocked honesty. If the people choose sanely then it will be because whatever the evidence against him, whatever the circumstances in which the duplicity of politicians may entangle him, the people know above everything, and in the face of everything, that Theodore Roosevelt is true.

Some New Fruits

ON THE reclaimed flats of the Potomac near Washington the Government is making experiments with a variety of vegetables unfamiliar to people in this country, most of which have been fetched from far-away lands by our agricultural explorers. Their possibilities are being investigated, and most of them are likely to become of economic importance in the United States.

One of these vegetables is the so-called "Chinese watermelon," which looks somewhat like a muskmelon, but has a hairy outside. Its flavor resembles that of the squash, with more than a suggestion of the cucumber, and it is said to be valuable for sweet pickles and preserves. Another novelty of Oriental origin is the "crosne," from Japan, which, while somewhat like salsify, is more delicate and better in point of flavor. Its little tubers are sometimes fried, but more commonly are made into pickles and salads. This valuable plant is easily cultivated, and its yield to the acre rivals that of the potato.

A new Japanese fruit which looks like a small yellow pear, though in reality more closely related to the apple, is the product of a dwarfish bushlike tree. It can be grown only in the far South, or else in California, which is likewise true of the "maritzgula," an African fruit resembling a glossy red cherry of extraordinary size. The maritzgula grows on a thorny bush, which is fairly loaded down when the crop is ripe.

Another valuable, and hitherto unfamiliar, plant is the "rosella," which is a shrub much resembling in appearance the cotton plant, and with blossoms like those of the cotton. The calyxes of the flowers, after the petals have dropped, are gathered and stewed. Jelly and jam are made from them.

New Summer Suits and Skirts

LAST year we made the best garments possible, but every year's experience raises the standard. *Therefore this year's new and smart designs are in better shape, better made, and at lower prices than ever before.*

Write for Catalogue and samples of the materials from which we make our garments. [illegible] fit and finish. If the garment which we send [illegible] matter where you live, we pay express charges.

Our Catalogue illustrates:

New Suits, well-tailored, showing many variations of the prevailing fashions, from Paris models, $8 to $35.

Etamine Costumes in styles to prevail during the coming season, the most fashionable costumes for dress occasions, $12 to $35.

New Skirts, well-fashioned, in Spring and Summer weight materials, look cool and feel cool, too $4 to $20.

Rainy-day and Walking Suits and Skirts, Jaunty Jackets, Traveling Dresses, Etc.

Write for Catalogue and Samples, they will be sent [illegible] by return mail. A postal will bring them.

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York.

A FOX COPY HOLDER
WILL BE SENT FREE ON TRIAL

[illegible] $2.00. [illegible]

Send for particulars of our Free Trial Plan whereby you can get a Fox Typewriter on trial for ten days. *Catalogue Sent on Request.*

FOX TYPEWRITER CO., Ltd.
600 N. Front Street Grand Rapids, Michigan

We Make a Specialty of
Class Pins and Badges

for colleges, schools, societies, etc. No middleman's profit—[illegible] straight from factory to wearer.

[illegible] two styles shown, in any two colors of [illegible] three letters or any two figures desired.

In Silver Plate, $1.00 per dozen. A Sample, 10c
In Sterling Silver, $2.50 per dozen. A Sample, 25c

Write for illustrated catalogue [illegible] hundreds of designs [illegible] steel, special [illegible] ties gladly furnished.

BASTIAN BROTHERS
62 Chamber of Commerce
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Don't be Alarmed

If your Home catches Fire Put it out instantly by using

BADGER'S
FIRE EXTINGUISHER

which directs a stream 50 feet right at the Fire. Always Ready. Strong. Simple. No parts to lose or break. A Child can use it.

We Want Agents

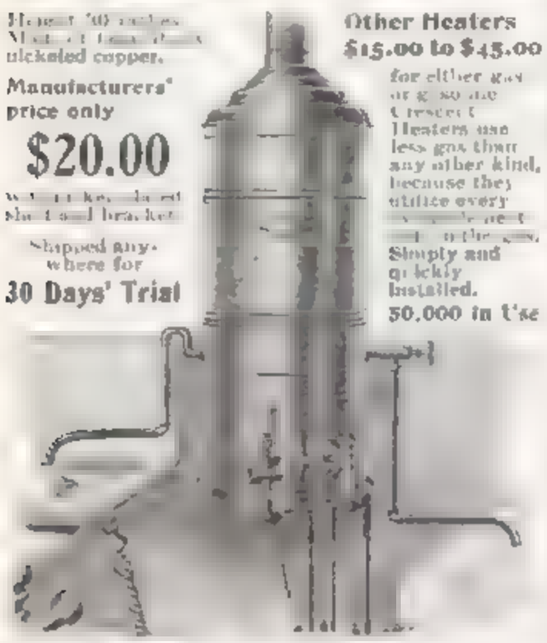
in every town to introduce it. We pay a liberal commission. Write to

The Badger Fire Extinguisher Co.
Dept. B, 32 Portland Street
Boston, Mass.

The Humphrey Crescent No. 8

Instantaneous Water Heater

Is used by more Ladies than any other heater made in the world. It gives a bath of water for your [illegible] at a cost of about one cent for gas. Has [illegible] Hot water starts the moment a match is applied.



Heater 10 inches high. Made of brass and nickeled copper.

Manufacturers' price only

$20.00

Without [illegible] Shelf and Bracket

Shipped anywhere for

30 Days' Trial

Other Heaters $15.00 to $45.00

for either gas or gasoline. Crescent Heaters use less gas than any other kind, because they utilize every [illegible] of the gas. Simply and quickly installed. 50,000 in Use

Write to-day for our booklet, "The Luxury of a Bath"—FREE

Humphrey Mfg. and Plating Co., Dept. J, Kalamazoo, Mich.

PYROGRAPHY

You Can Do It

with a little practice, and it pays, whether you are seeking pleasure or profit

Our Pelican Outfit No. 90

Beaut. Cork Handle, Rubber Tubing, Double Bulb, Metal Union Cork, Bottle, [illegible]

[illegible] FREE for examination. Nickel steel. Our special price to the leader is $2.75. Value $3.00.

Catalogue No. P-50 Free [illegible]

THAYER & CHANDLER

146 Wabash Avenue CHICAGO

OSTER THREAD CUTTING TOOLS

OSTER Stocks and Dies

[illegible]

THE OSTER MANUFACTURING CO.

23 Schiedey Court Cleveland, Ohio

Zinc paint cracks; white lead chalks off.

Patton's SUN-PROOF Paint

does neither. Guaranteed to wear for five years.

[illegible]

PATTON PAINT CO

231 Lake St., Milwaukee Wis.

WEDDING INVITATIONS and Announcements printed and engraved. Up-[illegible]

J. W. COCKRUM, 527 MAIN STREET OAKLAND CITY IND.

A GREAT BARGAIN IN SUMMER SUSPENDERS

[illegible] Give, a pair prepaid, $5 50 per doz.

S. L. McCONIGAL, 229 5th Ave., N. Y.

Oddities & Novelties of Every-Day Science

HORSE-SENSE IN HORSE-FOOD Nature is still ahead of us in scientific engine construction.

HORSE DIET is the newest subject taken up for investigation by Government scientists, and some of the facts ascertained are likely to surprise those persons who think they are best informed.

Prof. C. Ford Langworthy, who is an eminent authority on dietetics in general, has had charge of this investigation, and in a bulletin of the Department of Agriculture he states that only thirty-four per cent. of the food consumed by a horse is converted into mechanical work. The remaining sixty-six per cent. is used in running the quadrupedal engine—to keep the heart going, for breathing, in the processes of digestion, for chewing, and to supply waste blood and tissue.

Experiments show that twenty per cent. of the energy contained in a horse's allowance of oats is expended in chewing and digesting the grain. It is pertinent here to say that [illegible] consumed in fighting flies in the stall—an economical hint which ought to be useful to stable-keepers who care little for the comfort of their equine boarders; and too low a temperature in the stable may easily cause such a waste of energy as to require two pounds or more of additional oats per diem to compensate for the loss.

Nevertheless, a horse which converts thirty-four per cent. of its food into mechanical work is a far more economical machine than the best steam engine, which renders less than twenty per cent. of its fuel available in the shape of energy. In other words, the animal is a far more efficient piece of mechanism than the apparatus of steel, with its wheels, piston-rods and boiler. We may surpass Nature some day in the construction of an engine—very likely we shall—but so far the present one has a very good deal of us.

Professor Langworthy finds that the average horse produces in a minute enough energy to lift one pound 22,000 feet, or about four miles. In a working-day of eight hours the animal, if the energy it evolves were applied in that way, would be able to raise a [illegible] pounds [illegible] one foot high.

The amount of food required by a horse seems [illegible] to be proportional to the [illegible] and not to its weight. A horse weighing 1200 pounds will drink somewhat over 100 pounds (fifty quarts) of water a day at moderate work. It will require two and one fifth pounds of protein (muscle-forming stuff) per diem, and in the same period will use up 32,000 small "calories" or heat units. A calory is the amount of heat required to raise the temperature of one [illegible] of water from zero to one degree centigrade. One hundred pounds of oats contain 9½ pounds of protein and 122,400 calories. The same weight of hay contains 1¾ pounds of protein and 69,850 calories.

Eleven pounds of oats and ten pounds of hay make an ideal daily ration for a 1200-pound horse at moderate labor. Oats give the animal mettle and spirit. Beans are most appropriate for horses which are required to perform long-continued, sudden or severe labor. The opinion prevails in England that in the hunting field it is always possible to recognize bean-fed horses by their great endurance and by their coming the last stages with undiminished speed and [illegible].

In the researches of his late Professor Langworthy has enlisted experts from the [illegible] packing companies, department stores, commission and [illegible] of horses in large numbers not only in this country but abroad also. The greatest of the Paris cab companies, it appears, has succeeded through experiments in scientific feeding in saving [illegible] per annum, a result accomplished largely through the use of Indian corn which, though not so rich in [illegible] oats or in starch, goes to make muscle and blood [illegible], and is particularly fattening the equine machine.

The WINTON Touring Car

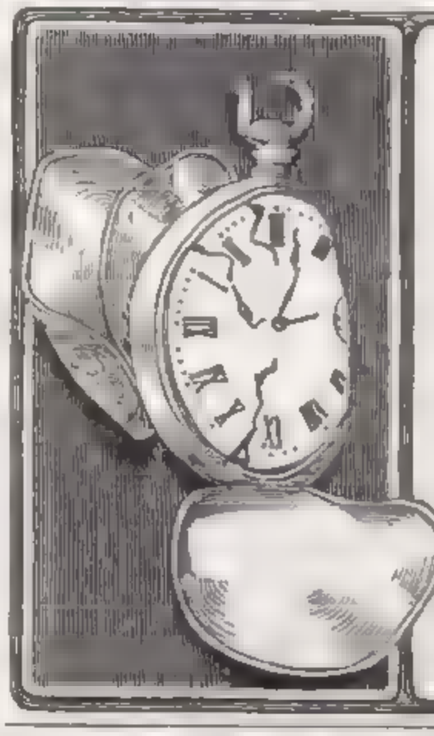
earns unqualified appreciation on Fashion's avenue, because, on the boulevard, it is the beautiful finish, the graceful lines, the tasteful trimmings and general smart appearance of the car, that count. But leave the boulevard and take to the highways, ascend mountain inclines, plough through heavy sand roads, or do any manner of what is ordinarily called hard riding and then you realize to the full what an immense advantage it is to be carried along by the force of a strong, sound and practical motor.

It means something to have the benefits of Winton experience in your automobile equipment. It means that you have the best results of long experience successfully tried out—the ripest fruits from practical and scientific knowledge in automobile building and designing. You are at no time inconvenienced by undemonstrated theories. Price of the new 20 horse-power Winton Touring Car, complete with full brass side lamps, horn, tools, etc., $2,500.

Visit any of our branch or agency depots in all leading cities and the limit of Winton excellence will be demonstrated.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE COMPANY

Berea Road, Cleveland, U. S. A.



Watch Accidents

will happen! That's why your watch works should be protected by a strong case. Gold alone is soft and bends easily. It's used for show only. The JAS. BOSS STIFFENED GOLD WATCH CASE resists jar and jolt. Keeps out the dust. Reduces the expense of repair. Adds many years to the life of your watch. Every JAS. BOSS CASE is guaranteed for 25 years by a Keystone Trade-mark stamped inside. You must look for this trade-mark.

Consult the Jeweler. Write us for booklet.

THE KEYSTONE WATCH CASE COMPANY

Philadelphia

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

A POWDER FOR THE FEET

So Easy to Use

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease. It relieves painful, swollen, [illegible] and is the Greatest Comfort Discovery of the Age. [illegible] Try it to-day. We [illegible]

Do not accept any substitution. [illegible]

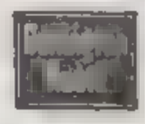
FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

ALLEN S. OLMSTED, LE ROY, N. Y.

Spring Trip to California

[illegible] Agent, Philadelphia.

A Book about Colorado



[illegible] all about it. Full of maps and illustrations. Price 6c in postage. Send for a copy *today*.

MONEY TO COOKS

$7500.00 Donated, to be Divided Among Family Cooks

The sum of $7500.00 will be distributed between now and midsummer among family cooks, in 735 prizes ranging from $200.00 to $5.00.

This is done to stimulate better cooking in the family kitchen. The contest is open to paid cooks (drop the name "hired girl;" call them cooks if they deserve it) or to the mistress of the household if she does the cooking. The rules for contest are plain and simple. Each of the 735 winners of money prizes will also receive an engraved certificate of merit or diploma as a cook. The diplomas bear the big gilt seal and signature of the most famous food company in the world, The Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., of Battle Creek, Mich., the well known makers of Postum Coffee and Grape-Nuts. Write them and address Cookery Dept No. 419 for full particulars.

This remarkable contest among cooks to win the money prizes and diplomas will give thousands of families better and more delicious meals, as well as cleaner kitchens and a general improvement in the culinary department, for the cooks must show marked skill and betterment in service to win. Great sums of money devoted to such enterprises always result in putting humanity further along on the road to civilization, health, comfort and happiness.

With Your Name, $1.50

Send us $1.50 and we will make you a heavy, substantial rubber door mat, size 16x30 inches, with your name or initials cut in the design. These mats give many years wear—are clean and sanitary, corrugated and non-perforated—worth $3.50. Your name in the mat prevents theft.

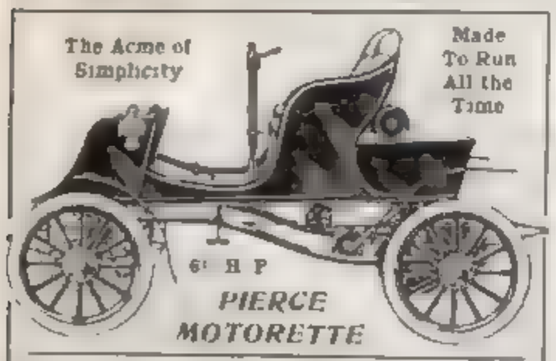
We supply rubber mats to all parts of the U. S., all sizes, shapes and kinds—for home, offices, churches, hotels, stores. Buy of the makers. Catalogue of rubber goods on request.

WESTERN RUBBER MFG. CO.
306 Wabash Avenue CHICAGO, ILL.

Snowy Laundry
Soft Hands
Clear Complexion
BORAX

The Acme of Simplicity

Made To Run All the Time



6 H P
PIERCE
MOTORETTE

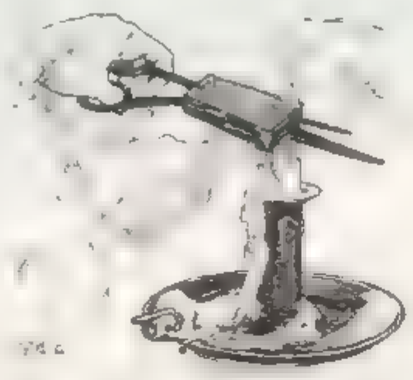
GEO. N. PIERCE CO. Buffalo, N.Y.
Manufacturers of
PIERCE Cycles and ARROW Motor Cars
Catalogues Free on Application.

ALL SILK UMBRELLA

with a
DETACHABLE HANDLE
(Simply press the spring and off comes the handle)
Ramoff Umbrella Co., 9117 Commercial Ave., Chicago

Soul Sonnets of A Stenographer

BY S. E. KISER



VI

How kind the Governor was yesterday.
And once I caught him looking down at me—
I know I'm blushing—almost wistfully.
And, turning quickly then, he looked away,
And, leaning on his desk, began to play
A tune by drumming with his fingers. We
Were in the office all alone and he,
I'm sure, had something that he wished to say

Ah, how I felt my cheeks burn as I sat
And ran my fingers up and down the keys
And wondered if my hair strung down behind
I plainly felt my heart go pitapat,
Till suddenly he gave an awful sneeze
And then reached for a letter which he signed.

VII

How dark and dismal everything appears:
Sometimes I wish I never had been born;
The fragile rose is hardly worth the thorn,
The smiles but half repay us for the tears;
We barter happy days for doleful years.
To-day the joys of yesterday we mourn,
We sigh for loving looks, and words of scorn,
As breakers beat the shore, assail our ears.

He turned to me a little while ago
With anger and impatience in his face:
"You're getting careless with your work," he said:
"I see you spell 'lose' with a double o—
Remember that there's no I in 'embrace'!"
And, oh, the scornful way he jerked his head

VIII

I hardly slept last night, and in my dreams
A hundred ugly phantoms seemed to rise;
Old, scrawny witches tried to scratch my eyes,
And nightmares came along in double teams:
But, ah, once more the glad sun brightly beams,
And all the clouds have faded from the skies;
Through all my fancies happy visions rise—
I seem to hear the tinkle of glad streams

He greeted me this morning with a smile,
And asked me if the hours were too long,
And there was something tender in his style,
As if he were acknowledging a wrong.
And in my gladness every little while
I find that I have broken into song.

IX

This morning, as I sat with him alone,
When Teddy Roberts had gone out a while,
He looked up at me with a little smile,
And in his eyes a look of kindness shone:
I let my soul peep coyly from my own,
Then, turning, fumbled with the letter-file,
And stacked my pencils in a little pile,
And heard him say, in such a kindly tone:

"We all make foolish blunders now and then,
And I confess that I have made my share——"
I fancied it was coming then and there,
But, ah, poor me! What luck I have! Two men
Came in to talk about some deal somewhere,
And hung around and spoiled the whole affair.

X

I think of him as "William," but until he
Is free I'll merely have to think it. Oh,
It seems so long to wait for her to go:
I wonder if I'll ever call him "Billy"?
Of course I'd never think of saying "Willie"
To one as old and gray as he is, though:
I wish that I could find some way to know
If to himself he thinks of me as "Lilie."

I don't expect to ever really love him,
But few get love and money, anyway.
When I am his and he's at work all day,
Down here, I'll see but precious little of him
So, if December turns out gloomy, May
Can still proceed to blossom and be gay.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Send Us Your Measurements

for your new spring suit. Any friend or member of your family can measure you with our instruction sheet.

We'll please you in Materials, Style and Fit at a saving of 30 to 50 per cent.

We guarantee perfect satisfaction or refund your money. Our average tailoring charge is $15.00. Less than two per cent of these are returned for alterations. All changes made free of charge.

Our suits at $15 to $18 are equal in every respect to those your tailor would ask $25 to $30 for.

Send for Catalogue VH

containing samples of the very best fabrics and styles in Summer suitings, with tape line and instructions for measuring. Sent free.

A one cent postal request for a free catalogue is the only expense you take. It will be the most profitable investment you ever made. **Write to-day.**

Montgomery Ward & Co.
Michigan Ave. & Madison St., Chicago
Our reputation protects you.

KLIP-KLIP

TRIMS,
FILES,
CLEANS,

THE POCKET MANICURE
SOLID GERMAN SILVER

Keeps the nails in perfect condition. A complete [illegible] or child. Sent postpaid [illegible] dealer has it.

25c

KLIP KLIP CO., 570 Clinton Ave. S., Rochester, N. Y.

Pears'

soap in stick form; convenience and economy in shaving.

It is the best and cheapest shaving soap.

Sold all over the world

Ten Days FREE TRIAL

[illegible] ship C O D on approval [illegible]

NEW 1903 MODELS

"Bellise,"	$8 75
"Cossack,"	$10 75
"Siberian,"	$12 75
"Neudorf,"	$14.75

[illegible]

RIDER AGENTS WANTED [illegible]

Models [illegible]

Not to see 500 Good Second-Hand Wheels $3 to $6
DO NOT BUY a bicycle until you have written for our free catalog with large printed engravings and full descriptions. MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 84 S, Chicago

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

A system representing the highest standard of advertising instruction in the world

1 M B HOLLEY

Page-Davis men are recognized by newspaper men
Every student a star in the advertising world!

1. Page-Davis System is a big help to you in your present position and helps you to better your position.
2. Page-Davis Students know there is no "hurry up plan" nor any "bargains" in education.
3. When you enroll with the Page-Davis Company you are not experimenting or being experimented upon.
4. Page-Davis Graduates are constantly sought for by representative houses throughout the land.
5. Page-Davis School is acknowledged the oldest—biggest—best and safest institution of its kind in the world. They have proven results—their graduates receive the highest salaries
6. Successful business men say, "I want a Page-Davis man." Successful graduates say, "I am a Page-Davis man."
7. Every Page-Davis Student has the evidence of a thorough and personal attention to their work.
8. The Page-Davis Students must be a credit to the Page-Davis Company. Their individual success is worth more to us than their individual tuition
9. The Page-Davis Company is an institution that promises less than it gives.
10. When you enroll with the Page-Davis School it is a source of satisfaction to know that you are in good company. Your fellow students are people to whom only successful arguments will appeal They are your equals, not your inferiors.

6 D CRICHTON

2 E K HEILWAY

7 J C GREENWOOD

READ EVERY LETTER, THEN ANSWER THIS ANNOUNCEMENT

1 Evening Record, Traverse City, Mich.

Mr M B Holley, Advertising Manager, Hannah & Lay Mercantile Co.,

[illegible] your house, and I believe your methods must have brought the best possible results. In the matter of display and arrangement you have expressed [illegible] judgment. It adds materially in the appearance of the Record, which we [illegible] you, and I am sure you appreciate such advantages to their full value. Thanking you for your efforts in this direction, which are of benefit to the newspapers, I beg to wish you a very happy and prosperous New Year

I. W HANNEN.

2 The Tribune, Charlotte, Mich.

Page-Davis Co., Chicago, Ill.

We wish to express to you our thanks for accidentally assisting us in our business. Before attending your school our young friend, Ernest K Heilway, was [illegible] assured as very clever in his work as an ad-writer. However, we are assured [illegible] his abilities have grown remarkably under your instruction. The result [illegible] seen in better appearance of ads and increased patronage. You are doing a [illegible]

[illegible] RATH, Publishers Tribune, Charlotte, Mich

3 The Denver Republican, Denver, Colo.

To Whom it May Concern:

It is a matter of great pleasure to recommend very highly the abilities of Mr. Alexander M Candee as an advertisement writer.

I have had personal acquaintance with Mr Candee for several years and am familiar with his work in connection with the Daniels & Fisher Stores Co., of this city, and can honestly state that I consider his work first-class in every particular. Any one wishing to employ him as an advertisement designer and writer will make no mistake, I feel assured. Yours truly,

[illegible] CARRUTHERS, Advertising Manager

4 Kewanee Pig. and Pub. Co., Kewanee, Ill.

Mr. Lester Taylor,

Dear Sir: We have been watching pretty carefully the advertising you have been writing since you have had charge of the advertising in the Big department store of Lay & Layman. We think you have set the pace for all the advertising in this city. Your ads have been uniformly the best and most attractive of any in the city.

KEWANEE PTG. & PUB. CO., Will Curtis, Manager

5 The Fostoria Times, Fostoria, Ohio

Page-Davis Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please allow me to say a few words for E. F. Marcha, of this place, who has taken your course of instruction in advertising. I can plainly see that Mr. [illegible] improvement in ad writing and soliciting. In fact, [illegible] to such an extent that we are more than pleased [illegible] school is certainly a great benefit to our country, and I assure you that you have my hearty co-operation in your good work.

Sincerely yours, ROBERT C MILLER, Business Manager.

6 The Chronicle Co., Marion, Ind.

Mr. David Crichton, Marion, Ind.

Dear Sir: We wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation of your advertising for Messrs. Ludington [illegible] are glad that we have [illegible] their advertising departments, because we know [illegible]

We are [illegible]

THE CHRONICLE [illegible]

7 The Times, Kankakee, Ill.

Mr. J. C. Greenwood, who is a graduate of the Page [illegible] Advertising, is thoroughly conversant with every detail [illegible] only professional [illegible] it to the letter [illegible]

8 Daily and Weekly Sentinel, Centralia, Ill.

Mr. D. A. Ryan, Centralia, Ill.

Dear Sir: We are glad to give you our views on the [illegible] writing, for it certainly has been considerable since your term of instruction in the Page-Davis School.

It is a pleasure to run advertising in which there is originality and interest [illegible] it is an actual benefit to the paper running it. Your instruction certainly [illegible] have been thorough, from the carefulness with which you prepare your matter and insist on exact following of display

THOS L JOY & CO. Publishers

9 The Worcester Spy, Worcester, Mass

Mr. George H Hayward, Worcester, Mass

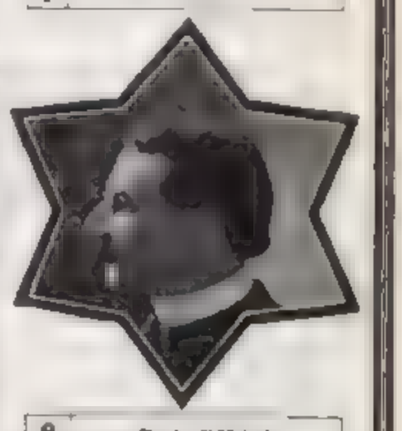
Dear Sir: It gives me [illegible] advertisers. Wherever y[illegible] ting advertising we have found it to the advantage of the advertiser as well as to [illegible]

Your practical knowledge of the details of the printing business and attention [illegible]

10 The News, Slatington, Pa.

Page-Davis Co., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Replying to yours of recent date, we [illegible] pleased with the ad work of Mr R J Kitchline [illegible] is one of your graduates. While we did not use "The News" still what we had could always be [illegible] of white space, which made the paper [illegible] work, we had quite a lot of circulars [illegible]



8 D A RYAN

9 G H HAYWARD

4 LESTER TAYLOR

5 E F MARCHA

10 R J KITCHLINE

Page-Davis Students in every part of the Union are making money. The following is but a partial list:

A Page-Davis Graduate in San Francisco, Cal., is now earning $35.00 per week, former salary $14.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Los Angeles, Cal., is now earning $50.00 per [illegible]

A Page-Davis Graduate [illegible]

A Page-Davis Graduate [illegible]

A Page-Davis Graduate [illegible] now earning $35.00 per week, former salary $[illegible]

A Page-Davis Graduate in Pueblo, Colo., is now earning $25.00 per week, former salary $9.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in New York City, is now earning $6000 per year, former salary $2000.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Duluth, Minn., is now earning $40.00 per week, former salary $[illegible]

A Page-Davis Graduate in St. Paul, Minn., is now earning $30.00 per week former salary $[illegible]

A Page-Davis Graduate in Cleveland, Ohio, is now earning $4000 per year, former salary $[illegible]

A Page-Davis Graduate in Kewanee, Ill., is now earning $25.00 per week, former salary $10.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Centralia, Ill., is now earning $30.00 per week, former salary $14.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Cleveland, Ohio, is now earning $25.00 per week, former salary $15.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in Chicago, Ill., is now earning $[illegible] per week, former salary $10.00

A Page-Davis Graduate in Brooklyn, N. Y., is now earning $30.00 [illegible]

A Page-Davis Graduate in Chicago, Ill., is now earning $25.00 per week, former salary $7.00.

A Page-Davis Graduate in [illegible] field, N. J., is now earning $40.00 per week, former salary $10.00

A Page-Davis Graduate in Bridgeport, Conn., is now earning $42.00 per week, former salary $15.00

A Page-Davis Graduate in Kingston, Pa., is now earning $[illegible] week former salary $15.00

A Page-Davis Graduate in Portland, Me., is now earning $[illegible] per week former salary $11.00

A Page-Davis Graduate in Eau Claire, Wis., is now earning $[illegible]

There are also successful Page-Davis Graduates throughout Mexico, Canada, Hawaii, Cuba and Philippines. There are successful Page-Davis Graduates in England, Australia, So. Africa, South America, Russia, West Indies, Italy, Ireland, Japan, Scotland, Belgium, Brazil, Fiji Islands and New Zealand

Do you realize the full significance of these facts to you?

We are glad to have you ask us what has the Page-Davis Company done, what our students are doing, and what we can do for you. We will answer promptly and completely, if you write to us for our large prospectus, mailed free.

Page-Davis Company

"The Original Advertising School You Hear So Much About"

Suite 18, **90 Wabash Ave., Chicago**

Notice to Employers

Employers desiring to engage competent [illegible] at a salary of $25.00 to $10000 per week are requested to communicate with us. This service is gratis.

Notice to You

Business men and those preparing to enter business realize the importance of the institution appeal to people with a [illegible] upon which to build a successful business career.

POPULAR FICTION
89c a Copy

Published at $1.50 each. If ordered sent by mail add 14 cents for postage

Virginian.	Mississippi Bubble.
Audrey	To Have and To Hold
Crisis.	Man from Glengarry
David Harum.	Leonard's Spots.
Dri and I.	Richard Carvel.

NEW FICTION

Delivered to any part of the U. S., $1 08 each

The Pit.	Lady Rose's Daughter
The Circle.	Under the Rose
Hearts Courageous.	Master of Warlock.
Truth.	Darrell of the Blessed Isle

LOVEY MARY. By the author of Mrs. Wiggs, 72c postpaid

Special Bargains for Bookbuyers

(Publisher's price in parenthesis. Our reduced price follows. Transportation extra)

Mrs Wiggs ($1 00), 65c In The Morning Glow, ($1 25),
[illegible] Hubbard's Little Journeys $ $ .50
[illegible] Home Life $ [illegible]
[illegible] Intermediate [illegible] $ [illegible]
[illegible] pedia, 15 vols. $5 Literature of All [illegible] edited by Julian Hawthorne 5 vols. $5 98

FREE [illegible] The most [illegible] Ask for catalogue FT.

SIMS, WILSON & SIMS CO.

Largest mail order booksellers in the world. Referees as [illegible]

259 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

CLARK'S

NORWAY, Sweden, Russia

The most delightful way to visit these interesting countries is offered by our July 3d Cruise of 42 days on the popular Lloyd express steamer "KAISERIN," specially chartered for our party.

RATES, $275 AND UP.

All necessary expenses included. Send for [illegible] various European tours [illegible] from $ [illegible]

FRANK C. CLARK,
111 Broadway, NEW YORK.
9 State Street, BOSTON

FROM FACTORY TO CONSUMER

$26.50 BUYS A BUGGY (with top $33.50)

superior quality, style and durability [illegible] of two enormous factories [illegible] PRICES DEFY COMPETITION

We manufacture a full line of Buggies, Carriages and Harness, guarantee everything we sell and ship on approval. Money back if not satisfied.

SAVE DEALERS' PROFITS

Write immediately for our catalogue and special inducement, it will interest you.

UNION BUGGY CO., 402 Saginaw St., Pontiac, Mich.

Young men and women in search of Permanent, Profitable Employment will appreciate our new, easy method of selling

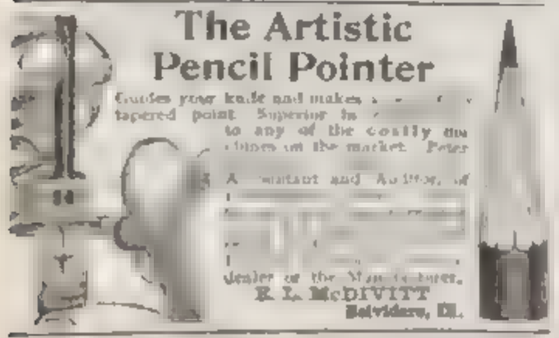
Aluminum Cooking Utensils

[illegible] and adds greatly [illegible] the [illegible] ent utensils. Very highest grade. Do not burn food [illegible] case of rust, crack [illegible] scale. Lasts a lifetime.

Write today for our [illegible] It's the best thing

THE ALUMINUM COOKING UTENSIL CO
District 6, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Artistic Pencil Pointer



Guides your knife and makes a perfect tapered point. Superior in [illegible] to any of the costly machines on the market. Peter [illegible] Assistant and Author, of [illegible] dealer or the Manufacturer,

R. L. McDIVITT
Belvidere, Ill.

TELEGRAPHY Circular free. Wonderful automatic teacher 5 styles. $2 00 up.

OMNIGRAPH CO., E 39 Cortlandt St., N. Y.

Literary Folk
Their Ways & Their Work

THE BOOKSELLERS AND BOOKMAKERS
—A cooperative association which in some quarters has been greeted with a faint squeak of "Trust"!

¶ When at the request of many booksellers the leading publishers of the United States formed an association for the purpose of ending the ruinous price-cutting that was raging between department stores and regular booksellers, there came a faint squeak of "Trust" from some quarters. Wise heads wagged and booksellers who were reluctant to admit that publishers could be capable of disinterestedness sagely prophesied that the final stage in the evolution of the American Publishers' Association would be the formation of a gigantic trust, under whose auspices eventually all books would be issued. But with the raw material in the form of gray matter, and the laws which govern its output no more exact than those which control the vagaries of authorship, the formation of a successful trust built up on such an uncertain foundation is beyond the reach of credulity.

Now comes another combination of interests for purposes of economy. Some two hundred retail booksellers in as many cities and towns of the United States have united to form a corporation under the name of The Consolidated Retail Booksellers. The corporation is organized for the purpose of buying books in large quantities at the lowest prices. The price of books, like other commodities, depends upon the quantity purchased. Many a small bookseller is unable on account of his limited capital, or unwilling on account of the risk, to purchase in quantity sufficient to obtain the lowest price. His competitor is, and as the bookseller must meet his neighbor's prices his profit is less. In some cities it has been the custom for several booksellers to combine and order the full quantity [illegible] taking his pro-rata share; the foundation of The Consolidated Retail Booksellers is the natural evolution of this plan. Each member will be assessed an amount necessary to conduct the business of the corporation. In return he will pay less money for his goods and realize the benefits of economy in packing and shipping. It is but another step in the direction of combination, and is a fairly good example of the natural progress of economic development.

HUMOR MUST HAVE A DEFINITE PURPOSE—George Ade's missionary work among benighted playgoers.

¶ The success of The Sultan of Sulu and Peggy from Paris, which serves to introduce the witty satirist, Mr George Ade, to the public as a comic opera librettist, is certain to be a matter of gratification to the long-suffering playgoers whose endurance has been tested by the maudlin efforts of writers who thought that a farcical piece was all the better for not having either plot or purpose. Mr. Ade succeeds where so many others have failed, not because of the wit of his lines or the jingle of his lyrics, but because, like a true satirist, he aimed his bolts of humor at a

You Cannot Be Posted

on literary topics without the WARNER LIBRARY, for it is the *only* single set of books which tells you of the works [illegible] standing of every author and gives the representative writings. [illegible] books in the world for you to *begin* to know them as [illegible] about them, and to read the best ones. This is where the WARNER LIBRARY is of unique service.

OFFICIALLY ADOPTED BY THE NEW YORK CITY SCHOOLS AND NEW YORK STATE REGENTS.

How Would You Like to Have

The best of 1000—

NOVELISTS	*POETS*	*HUMORISTS and Essayists*
Dickens	Longfellow	Twain
Scott	Whittier	Lamb
Thackeray	Whitman	DeQuincey
Eliot	Tennyson	Swift
Hugo	Wordsworth	Emerson
Dumas	Byron	Macaulay
Balzac	Heine	Bacon
Irving	Goethe	Plato
Hawthorne	Schiller	Voltaire
Tolstoy	Poe	
etc.	etc.	etc.

All these WARNER gives, and hundreds of others, covering every [illegible] of literary effort. Most authors are known to fame by one or two masterpieces. WARNER gives those masterpieces.

Equal to the Largest Library

WARNER is equal in scope to the largest public library, and gives you in the most compact space a variety of reading and information impossible to get elsewhere.

Do you wish to be familiar with the Koran? WARNER gives many selections, and a reproduction of the illuminated manuscript.

Do you wish specimens of the world's great speeches? All the orators are found here in splendid array.

If you have the forty six magnificent volumes comprising the "World's Best Literature" in your home you need never be ignorant of any author or book, and your children will have for all time to come a heritage of good reading.

39 Volumes—Authors and Their Works.
2 Volumes—Songs, Hymns and Lyrics.
2 Volumes—Dictionary of Authors.
2 Volumes—Synopses of Noted Books.
1 Volume—Index and Guide to Systematic Readings.

46 Volumes in all.

20,000 pages and 800 illustrations.

Less Than Half Former Prices

On account of our superior advertising facilities we were able to secure control of the entire "Memorial Edition"—newly revised and enlarged—and will supply these splendid sets **while they last** at only a fraction above factory prices—**less than one-half** the publisher's prices of the work. We will also accept

Small Monthly Payments

which will bring the outlay down to a few cents a day. But prompt action is needful to secure a set as the demand is already very large. For handsome booklet and further particulars

Send This Free Coupon To-Day

What Purchasers Say

Senator S B Elkins [illegible] my library [illegible] the whole [illegible]

Postmaster General Chas Emory Smith It is a rich [illegible] the literary gems of [illegible]

Gen Fitzhugh Lee "[illegible] al valuable ar[illegible] work that I have ever had [illegible]

Senator J. H Gallinger: [illegible] of the most valuable literary ventures the world has ever known

INQUIRY COUPON

Free Inquiry Coupon

The American Newspaper Association
21-23 Fifth Ave. New York

Please send me particulars [illegible] Memoria[illegible] Library [illegible] best literature [illegible]

Name [illegible]

[illegible]

State [illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BUREAU

All Ages—8 to 85 Years

The Stone Method

This picture illustrates the muscular and chest development of one of our pupils, Mr. George Bosworth, of Beatrice, Nebr. Mr Bosworth wrote us an interesting letter giving his opinion of **The Stone Method.** We will send [illegible] desire it. **The Stone Method** is a system [illegible] exercise which requires no apparatus, and only 10 to 20 minutes' time each day, in your own room, just before retiring. **Does not overtax the heart.** Women receive as much benefit from **The Stone Method** as men. We are [illegible] the only instr[illegible] who pay special attent[illegible] of women and children. [illegible] Walker, who has charge of this department, has had extensive experience, and alone opens and answers letters of a private nature. Address confidential letters

WOMEN

"Mrs. Ellen Walker, care The Stone School"

24-Page Booklet with photos from life FREE

[illegible] we can refer you to [illegible] accomplished by **The Stone Method,** and what you may accomplish [illegible] will. We are glad to send them **FREE**

THE STONE SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
1065 Masonic Temple, Chicago

GUYOT SUSPENDERS

Support without restraint. Indestructible buttonholes. If not at your dealer's send 50 cents for sample pair.

GUYOT BROS., 631 Broadway, New York City

Draw Funny Pictures

Send for prospectus and see what we are doing with our students. Free Lesson.

National School of Caricature
8 World Bldg., N. Y. Dan McCarthy, Director

Are You Drinking

Nature's Choicest Nutrient,

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

Made from pure milk and malted grain —a delicious and invigorating food-drink that agrees with everybody. Put up in powder form; prepared instantly by dissolving in water. For use at meals, 'tween meals—a meal in itself.

Used and Sold Everywhere; All Druggists

SAMPLE If you are not using it now, let us send you a Trial Package FREE

HORLICK'S FOOD CO., Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

SAFETY IN THE WATER

you can't swim, you can learn with ease and safety—everyone that goes into the water needs our belt

AT YOUR DEALERS

If he doesn't keep them, send us price, and we will mail direct. Write for free illustrated booklet, with valuable

Men's or Women's size $4.00 ea.
Child's size, 3.00

Dept. P Morrison Life Belt Co. St. Louis, Mo

YOURS 30 DAYS

Kalamazoo Quality

and do not sell at cut rate jobs. Our goods stand in a class by themselves. We originated the free trial plan of selling buggies on trial. Send for our Buggy Book. It is free, and tells all about our full line of all kinds of Vehicles and Harness

KALAMAZOO CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO.
125 Ransom Street, Kalamazoo, Mich.

The Improved Method of

FINISHING FLOORS

GRIPPIN MFG. CO
Dept. 4, Newark, New York

HAVE A BUGGY WITH US

only $47.50 or ship it back. The Split Hickory Special is the best put together buggy ever offered. Catalogue FREE

Ohio Carriage Mfg. Co
Station 108, Cincinnati, O

Free trial 30 days

LEARN AT HOME **SHORTHAND**

Use your spare moments and prepare for positions that pay $60 to $100 and over per month. Students placed in positions when competent. Send 2c. stamp for trial lesson

THE CENTRAL INSTITUTE, 60 Randolph St., Chicago

definite, well-defined topic instead of firing in the air. The absurdity of certain existing conditions in our new Eastern possessions appealed strongly to his sense of humor and he straightway satirized the situation as he saw it, and so forcibly that now the playgoing public sees it in his way, too.

Of late years our librettists have cherished the delusion that a comic opera consisted of nothing but a grand march, some topical verses, a waltz duet, three or four changes of costume for the chorus and half a dozen variety specialties. This delusion has cost many librettists their reputation and many managers their money. Mr. Ade, who is likely to gain reputation in his new field of endeavor, has profited by the example of some of his successful predecessors, who, it will be observed, never sat down to write the book of a comic opera without having some distinct purpose in mind

For example: in La Grande Duchesse, the first of the Second Empire school of opera bouffe, we find the court and army of a tiny German principality held up to the ridicule of a nation drunk with the sense of its own power and the splendors of an imperial court builded on sand. In La Belle Hélène, the most sacred fables of a mythology that was a religion to the ancients are dragged down to the level of the boulevard, there to be greeted with the irreverent laughter of those who believe in nothing

In the Gilbert and Sullivan operas we find the same fixed purpose. Pinafore ridicules the navy and Patience the æsthetes. Gilbert always aimed at some legitimate subject for ridicule and generally hit his target

To come down to more recent times, we find the most noteworthy example in the case of the late Charles W. Hoyt, who never took up his pen except for the purpose of impaling some particular passing folly. In A Tin Soldier he satirized the plumbers, in A Milk-White Flag the militia, in A Bunch of Keys the hotel business, in A Stranger in New York the French ball, in A Contented Woman the woman in politics, while in A Midnight Bell the New England deacon was drawn for the first time precisely as he is. It was only when he departed from his policy, or became too serious, as he did in A Temperance Town, that he failed

Mr. Ade's success proves that there is still a greater demand for satire in dramatic form than for the hotchpotch of sextettes and coon songs that usually does duty as a musical comedy, and which can be arranged by a blacksmith or a dancing-master as well as by a man of wit.

MR. KIPLING'S CHINESE SUNRISE—And his exclusive reference to the Isle of Man—Perhaps a cabal against Hall Caine?

¶ Mr. Kipling is a careful, painstaking workman: he revises his copy and his proofs repeatedly and in minute detail. Technicalities are his diet and omniscience his ambition, but with every care he cannot escape a share of human frailty, and there are errors standing in his pages to-day which could not fail to be hunted out by his many attentive readers.

Some curiosity has been felt over the epithet "shameless Hun" as applied to the German in Mr. Kipling's recently published poem of protest against the alliance with Germany; and no good explanation seems to be forthcoming. Then arises a Mr. Callins who writes to the editor of a New York newspaper anent a line from The Rhyme of the Three Sealers:

> There's never a law of God or man runs North of Fifty-Three.

A statement, Mr. Callins proceeds to point out, which if followed around the globe would cut out all Scotland, about half of England and Ireland—yes, and the Isle of Man!

Can it be that Mr. Kipling had designs on Hall Caine?

But when Mr. Callins breaks in on our favorite Mandalay, Mandalay that we used to sing on summer nights to our best and dearest, when he gets out his atlas and his compasses and proves that China is about two hundred miles northeast of Mandalay and the bay about twice as far to the south and westward, and that therefore flying-fishes cannot play like thunder and lightning, as we wanted to but never did, over China 'crost the bay, when he thus assails us in our tenderest recollections we cannot arise and call him blessed. Does he not know that they do everything back-handed in China—and why not sunrises? Anyway, poetry is better than geography, and will still be loved and remembered when all the geographies have been burned and all the faultfinders buried.

We control the two largest circulating libraries in the world. The *Booklovers* and the *Tabard Inn* are known throughout the United States, Canada and Great Britain. These two libraries circulate more than twelve million books annually. We have just organized a new library known as

The Bodley Club Library

which fits in very nicely with our book-lending enterprises. Our other libraries are *retail*; this new library is *wholesale*. If you want to start a circulating library in your village or town we will rent you a *Bodley Club Library* at a very small rental; from One Dollar a week up according to the size of the library and the character of books wanted. You can make your own charges for membership fees or for exchanges. We supply circulars, membership forms, exchange tickets, advertisements for local papers, letter paper; everything necessary for carrying on the work. We really start you in business and help you to carry it on. If your location is a good one you can easily add from $250 to $500 a year to your income. The first application received from a village or town will be considered first. These libraries are rented also to book and literary clubs, to schools and colleges, to institutions and churches, to office buildings and to summer hotels. The books are put up in attractive cases, in two shades of blue—the Oxford colors. We change the books regularly, giving you a fresh supply each month. Orders from any town or city in the United States will have immediate attention. Full particulars, blank forms of application, and descriptive circulars mailed upon application. For one dollar a sample book will be sent with the circulars. Address

SEYMOUR EATON, Librarian

The Bodley Club, 1323 Walnut St., Philadelphia

NOTE.—Sir Thomas Bodley founded the famous Bodleian Library of Oxford three hundred years ago. This institution is one of England's most sacred places. No better name in all history or literature could have been chosen for this new library idea of ours, carrying as it does both recreation and educational features to every corner of the country.

Our reputation of 31 years is back of our guarantee that all of our goods are of reliable quality as represented, and sold at close prices direct to consumers

"CHICAGO BEAUTY"

Folding Hand Camera

The only camera in the market having a swing back that is sold at a low price

$5.50

matic shutter for time and

Photographic Supplies at Wholesale Prices

SEND FOR SPECIAL CATALOGUE KL

Here are a few quotations:

Printing Frames, Card Mounts, Opera, Field and Spy Glasses with strap, Magic Lanterns, Microscopes, Slides, Stereopticons, Kinetoscopes, Phonographs, Records, Outfits for Amateurs

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.

Michigan Ave., Madison & Washington Sts., CHICAGO

LOOK!

AT THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN

The Racycle and Any Bicycle

Racycle spins feels turn

Bicycle spins feels turn

30 per cent. less pressure on the bearings of a Racycle than on a bicycle; therefore it turns 1/3 easier. Ride further and faster with less work on the Racycle. No oil can required. Write for Catalog 18 to

MIAMI CYCLE & MFG. CO., Middletown, O.

COLLEGE PROFESSORS

Talk of Foods

The New York papers recently contained a long account of the so-called discovery of a celebrated professor in one of the leading universities. The "discovery" related to a new and successful way of treating wheat and barley to prepare the starchy part by dry baking, so it would be made more digestible and nutritious. Thereupon Prof. Livingstone, commenting on the discovery of the other Professor, says, "A discoverer who was a business man first and a scientist afterward found that such foods could be made more digestible when cooked with dry heat instead of by boiling in water, and has already placed on the market the food which he discovered prior to Dr. ——." This refers to Grape-Nuts, the most scientifically made food known. Grape-Nuts can be easily digested by babies or any one with a weak stomach and the food contains the most powerful rebuilding element known, particularly as relates to the rebuilding of the brain and nerve centres. It is a delicious food, requiring no cooking but ready for instant service just as it comes from the package. A recipe book free in each package describes many delicious dishes made from Grape-Nuts.

A Vatican Episode

F. MONTAGUE HANDLEY, the American sculptor, tells of an episode which he witnessed at the Vatican that is not without interest

A young New Yorker wintering in Rome had joined the Circolo di San Pietro, a club to which most of the young Roman noblemen belong and whose object is charity. Shortly after his admission he was notified that an audience was to be given by the Pope to several hundred people on a certain date and that his name had been placed on the list of club members who would help to receive. Full dress is always worn at these audiences and the club members wear a badge to distinguish them from the guests. Our young friend being somewhat of a dandy added a few sprays of lilies of the valley to his costume. Now, it is a strict rule of the Vatican that no flowers shall be worn, but of course no one thought of a "Circolo" man ignoring the fact and nothing was said to him

As Leo XIII appeared, carried in his big gilded chair, the receiving men walked up, as is their wont, to kiss his hand. When the New Yorker approached, the Pope looked admiringly at this fair, stalwart youth, so unlike his young Romans, and then, noting the forbidden flowers, smiled gently

"We do not wear flowers in the Vatican, my son," he said, taking the offending blossoms as if to cast them away, but he hesitated, smelled their fragrant petals, and then, suddenly changing his mind, he returned them to the lapel

"Keep them," he almost whispered, "and may your life be as spotless as they now are."

The Long and the Short of It

THE Hon. Herbert W. Bowen, United States Minister to Venezuela, is just now standing in the centre of the public limelight because of his notable part in the Venezuelan tangle. It is evident that President Castro thinks highly of the services he has rendered.

When Mr. Bowen first went out to Caracas as the United States Minister, President Castro called on him one afternoon. The two went into the garden and Mr. Bowen was expressing his amazement at the rapidity of all vegetable growth in that climate. "A seed planted overnight would result in forty trees the next day," was his laughing remark Just then an American photographer passed, and asked to take a picture of the two distinguished men as they stood among the flowers. As he snapped the camera he made some laughing, disparaging remark about the picture being the long and the short of it. Mr Bowen is six feet four inches, and President Castro reaches about to his shoulder The President did not like the unkindly comparison, and looked up quickly at the new American Minister with a frown.

"Ah, Mr. President," said Mr. Bowen, "I was very small when I got here, but I shot up overnight in this marvelous climate of yours."

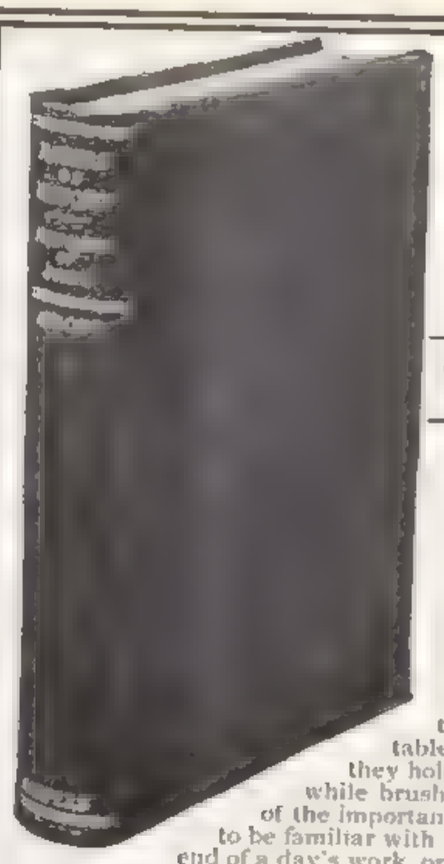
A Cool Monarch

KING VICTOR EMANUEL III of Italy, in spite of his diminutive stature, which often makes him the butt of his enemies' jests is known for a man of dauntless courage and iron nerves

A few years ago while holding the rank of colonel in a regiment of artillery he was intrusted with the testing of a new cannon that the army was then experimenting with He proceeded to the trial field accompanied by several officers of rank and the inventor, and after a short explanation of the relative points of the gun, order was given to aim it at the target

At the first shot the huge engine of destruction exploded near the breech with a terrible crash, and the panic-stricken men fled precipitately. Not so Victor Emanuel, who did not stir an inch, but, turning with an amused smile to the frightened officers, reassured them chaffingly

"No danger now, gentlemen," he said calmly; "you should have fled before the [illegible]



What Abraham Lincoln said of the "Makers of History"

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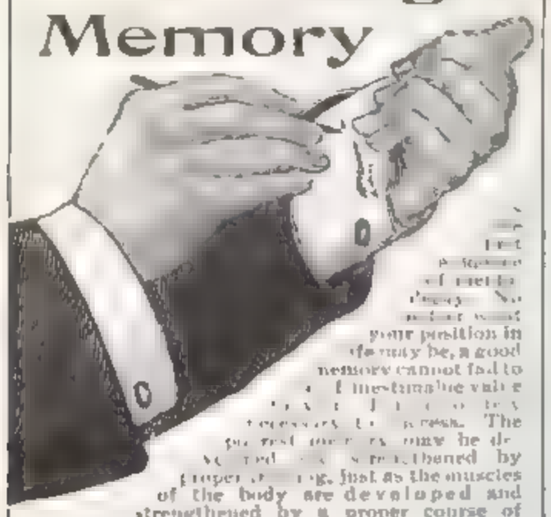

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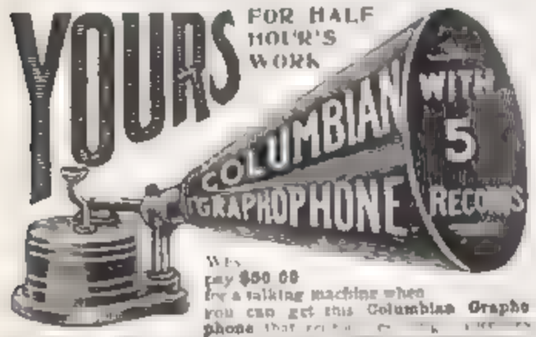

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times dis mawning, sah. He'd like to have some conversation with you, sah, if you'a disengaged."

"Who is he?"

"Here's he's cawd, sah."

Mr. Rockervelt glanced at the card and murmured, "'James Callahan, General Manager Burdock Route.' That's strange." Then aloud: "Show Mr Callahan in, Peter."

The magnate did not rise as the red-head bowed to him, but waved his hand toward a chair.

"I hope you have slept well, Mr. Rockervelt," began the newcomer.

"Excellently."

"And I trust you found the roadbed in good order."

Mr. Rockervelt raised his eyebrows with some surprise.

"My own bed and the roadbed left nothing to be desired, since you are so kind as to ask."

"I am delighted to hear you say so, sir," cried Jimmy with enthusiasm.

"Why should you be delighted to hear me praise my own road?" asked Rockervelt curiously.

"Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I wished a few minutes' talk with you, and that's not as easy come at as you might think. You are not on your own road, but on the Burdock Route, now rapidly approaching Portandit. I took the liberty last night of hitching your car to this train, sir, instead of to your own Number Three."

Rockervelt sat up in alarm, glanced out of the windows, first on one side then on the other. Bringing back his gaze to the man before him, hot anger adding color to the usual floridness of his countenance, he said:

"You took the liberty, did you? Well, let me tell you, sir, it is a liberty you will bitterly regret."

"I am sorry to hear you say that, sir."

"The liberty! Curse it, sir! you have disarranged all my plans. There are three men in Tobasco whom it is imperative I should meet this forenoon before the convention opens."

"Quite so, sir. I had them telegraphed to take the midnight and meet you at Portandit instead. They'll be waiting for you when you get in, sir."

"The d—l you did!" gasped Rockervelt, sinking back in his chair.

"You see, sir, it's an uneasy conference you would have had on that rocky road to Dublin, the T. & P. A long forenoon's ride, sir, with a road as rough as a rail fence. It would be like coming down the Soo Rapids, only you wouldn't go so quick. I have a carriage waiting for you. You can drive to your hotel at your ease, hold your conference in your room, and drop in to the convention whenever it pleases you, sir."

"Have you also arranged my return to New York, Mr. Callahan? By what route do you intend to send me back?"

Jimmy laughed that cheerful, infectious laugh of his. He realized that the danger point was passed.

"I hope you will get safe back to New York, whatever route you take, sir."

"Thank you. How long have you been General Manager of this road?"

"About two years, sir."

"Where did you learn the business?"

"In the greatest railroad school of this world, sir—the Rockervelt system."

The faint shadow of a smile passed over the face of Mr. Rockervelt.

"That I take as a handsome return for my testimonial to your roadbed. Why did you leave us?"

"I failed to please Mr. Blair, sir."

"In whose department were you?"

"In the Division Superintendent's."

"Did you please John Manson?"

"I think I did, sir."

"Um. Well, now, you did not kidnap me for the purposes of pleasant conversation. I don't like to see good men leave us, and if your object in kidnaping me was to come back to us, I may at once admit I am willing to entertain a proposal."

"No, sir. That was not my object, although I make bold to say that an offer from Mr. Rockervelt would exact respect from the greatest in the land, and I'm no exception to my betters. What I wanted, sir, was for you to cast your eye over this map. The red line represents sixty-three miles.'

"I see; if a railway were built along that red line your road would have access to New York independent of me. Well, young man, don't let that red line worry you. I could not allow you to get a charter."

"I'm not so sure of that, sir. Like the other fellow's fifteen dollars, I've got the charter in my inside pocket."

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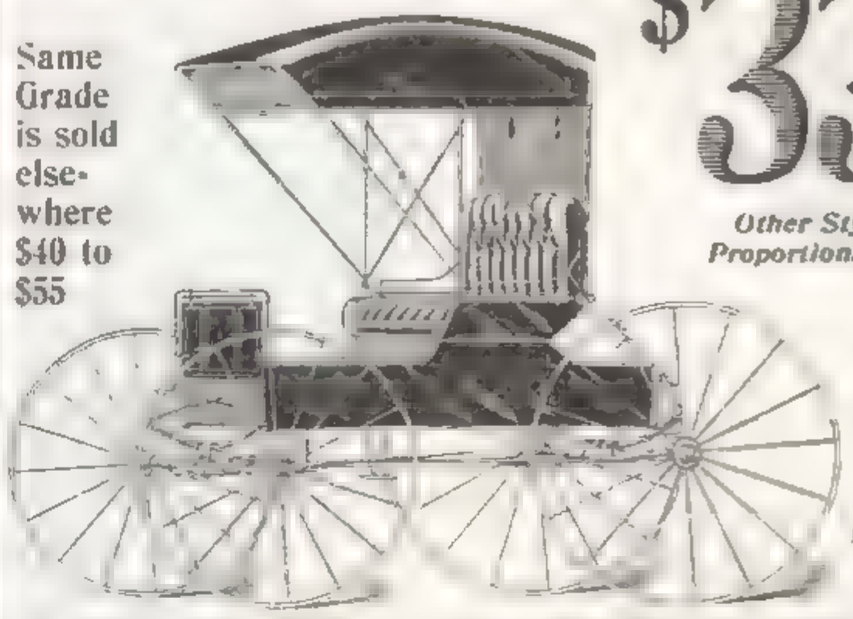

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"Do you mind showing it to me?" asked Rockervelt, unconsciously finishing the line of the song referred to. Jimmy handed him the documents, and the great man scrutinized them with the quick care of an expert, while Jimmy stood expectant.

"How did you overcome Blair's opposition?" he inquired at last.

"There was no opposition."

The President's brow frowned and a glint of anger appeared in the cold, calculating eyes.

"I expect Blair to watch the legislature as well as the railway."

"He watches neither, sir."

Rockervelt glanced sharply at the young man who thus dared to asperse one of the minor gods of the Rockervelt System.

"Then who looks after the Midland?"

"John Manson, and he does it well."

"Where did you get the money to put this through? A syndicate?"

"No. I didn't need any money. All I needed was that one of your General Managers should be sound asleep."

"I see you are prejudiced against Mr. Blair."

"I am, sir."

Rockervelt pulled himself together as one who has had enough of badinage and now prepares for business.

"Now, young man," he began in a voice that cut like a knife, "do you know the value of these documents?"

"Yes, sir. They're not worth a d—n!"

"What!" cried Rockervelt, suddenly sitting straight. "I thought you had kidnaped me to hold me up in Western fashion. Don't you want to sell this charter?"

"No, sir. I offered the charter to the President of the Burdock, as was my duty, but he said you would beat any combination that might be formed in the long run."

"Yes, or in the short run. Sensible man, Rogers. Well, sir, you do not expect an exorbitant price for a worthless charter?"

"I want no price at all. The charter is yours. But I'd like to offer a bit of advice as well as the charter. Make John Manson Manager of the Midland."

"I resolved to do that ten minutes ago. Now, what for yourself?"

"Only bear me in mind when you have a place for a red-headed man down East."

"Perhaps you expect Manson's vacant post on the Midland?" suggested Rockervelt.

"I've no doubt he'd give it to me," replied Jimmy frankly, "but if you mean that Mr. Manson and I have made a deal, we're neither of us that kind of person. Manson knows nothing of this, and is a very anxious man since I telephoned from the Junction last night that I hooked your car to my train. He was warning me against the penalties as I rung him off."

"I believe you. Now I want a special over your road to bring Manson to Portandit at once."

"Certainly, sir."

"You make arrangements and I'll telegraph to him as soon as we arrive. I'll give you eight thousand dollars a year, to begin on, if you'll come to New York."

"I'll take it, sir."

"You don't ask your duties. Are you so confident you can fulfill them?"

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"That's the kind of man I want."

John Manson had not much to say for himself when, with Jimmy Callahan, he stood before Rockervelt next day, but it was easy to see that the belated recognition and promotion which had come so unexpectedly had made a new man of him.

As he and Jimmy went from the presence together and reached the street Manson said:

"Now, Callahan, I want you to leave the Burdock and take the vacant Division Superintendency."

Jimmy laughed joyously as he realized his friend had no notion of what had happened. Manson looked gravely at him and continued:

"It is worth——" He paused and a scarcely perceptible shade of loving annoyance passed over his face.

"Callahan," he said slowly, "your necktie has slipped round under your right ear. When you meet men like Mr. Rockervelt you cannot be too careful of your personal appearance. Let me put it straight for you."

Callahan raised his chin and laughed again while Manson tugged at the tie.

"You may laugh, Jimmy, but these little things are sometimes important, and I want to see you succeed as you deserve. There, that's better."

And Jimmy said no word of his eight thousand a year to begin on.

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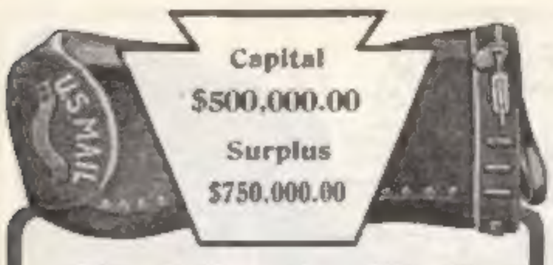

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The Autobiography of a Beggar

(Concluded from Page 11)

De cop grabs Crutch by de arm, lettin' meh go, an' he says, "Yer de one what kidnaped de Chinee kid, eh?"

"Not meh," says Crutch. "I runned ater him ter bring him back. Axe de kid hisself ef yer don't berlieve meh."

"I'm goin' ter run yer in," says de cop, "fer——"

"I don't care fer what yer runs meh in," says Crutch, "only run meh out ef de way ef dese Chineses, fer dey pinches most awful. I heard oncet ez Chineses has finger-nails like——"

"I don't care what yer heard," says de cop; "keep still."

An' while de cop an' Crutch was a-havin' de argimint about de finger-nails ef Chineses, I leans down an' whispers ter de poor little Chinee kid fer which I feels sorry:

"Kid, de door is open; git ready fer ter run;" an' I up an' yanks de pigtail ef de Chinee what had de kid by de arm, an' he yells an' lets de kid go, thinkin' ez it was him dat done de pullin', an' de kid he flies down de stairs like a yaller streak, an' I stands in de doorway so ez de Chineses can't git by an' I yells:

"Mr. Cop, see fer yersilf ef a Chinee don't turn green when his pigtail is pulled."

An' de cop he laffs fust an' den he makes a grab fer meh aterwards, but de Chineses blocks de way, pushin' an' shovin' atween him an' meh, a-tryin' ter git out ater de Chinee kid.

An' Crutch he seed his chancet an' he makes a break fer de dear old fire-escape oncet more, an' de cop runs fer him, an' I kited down de stairs ater de kid wid all dem Chineses runnin' ater meh ez ef de Chinee wind what blows at night was a-carryin' 'em along. An' I didn't even stop ter blow meh nose; I'm a-tellin' youse I jist did plain runnin' an' nothin' more. An' de best Chinee runner was no more'n a foot behint meh, an' de other Chineses only a foot behint him, an' so on down to de one what was de poorest runner in de lot. It must 'a' looked like a Chinee pigtail behint meh, but I didn't turn aroun' ter see.

An' de prize Chinee runner was a-gittin' so near meh I could feel his yaller breath on meh back, an' I was a-sayin' ter mehself, "Good-night an' good-by!" when I seed a hall door ef a buildin' open, an' I ducked an' turned in lickety-split an' slammed de door an' turned de key, an' den I tore up de stairs to de second floor, an' dere was a winder open an' I jumped thru it on ter a shed berlow an' from dere on ter de ground. An' when I gits down inter de yard I'll be blowed ef I didn't see de little Chinee kid a-sittin' on a old broken chair an' smokin' a cigarette!

"How come yer here?" I hollered.

"Over de alley fence," he says.

"An' I come thru de winder," I says.

"De fence is easier," he says, puffin' his cigarette.

"I didn't have no time ter choose," I says. "An' yer must have a lot ef time ter spare sittin' dere so easy an' smokin'. Dem Chineses'll be here in a minute."

"Which way?" he axes, standin' up an' throwin' de cigarette down. I picks it up an' takes a smoke mehself an' answers:

"Same way ez I come—thru de winder. Look! dere's one ef 'em a-peekin' down now!"

An' I lifted de kid over de fence an' we jumps inter de alley, him runnin' one way an' meh anudder, an' both ef us gittin' away; which was de last time ever I seen dat Chinee kid in meh life. Only poor Crutch he got nabbed by de cop an' sent over fer a month.

I feels sorry fer Crutch, but he had de right ter pull de fat Chinese's pigtail like I tole him, an' not ter dispute meh word 'bout de Chineses an' deir ways, meh havin' read de hist'ry books.

Say, Mr. Anterpolergist, meh autobiographee is close on ter de grave now, an' I wants de twenty-five dollars yer promised meh afore I writes down de account ef meh funeral, else yer will say I'm dead an' yer can't give a dead man no money. Please don't come no science ef man games on meh, an' don't do no anterpolergizin', but hand over de coin in smilin' dimes an' laffin' nickels. How about buyin' back de little Hebrew book on Moses, which I finds has de science ef wimens in it, too?

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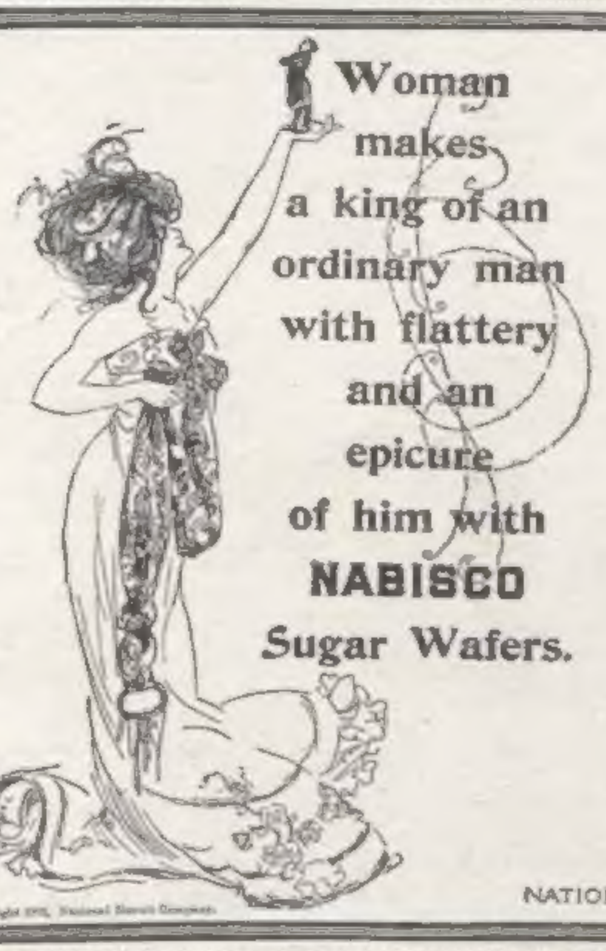

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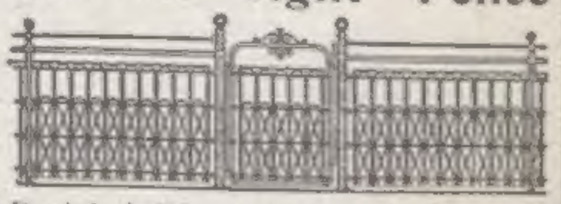

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